

CASH PRIZES TO BE WON—SEE BACK PAGE!

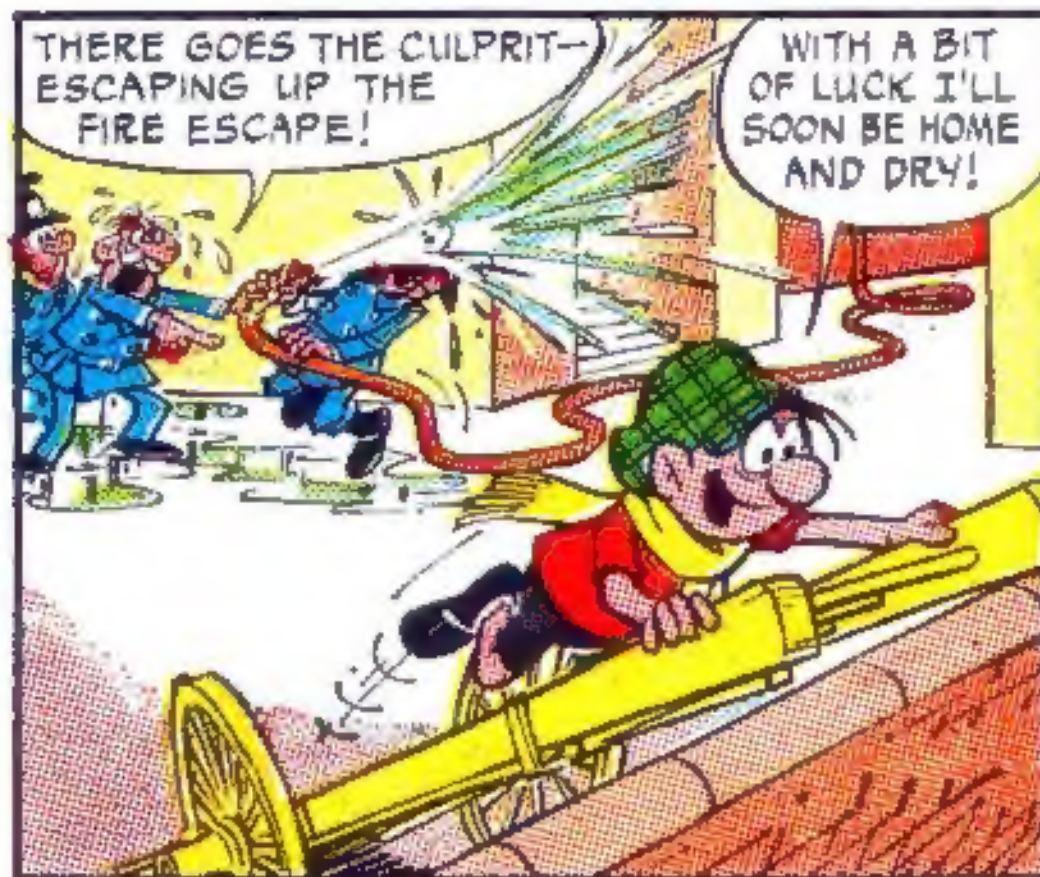
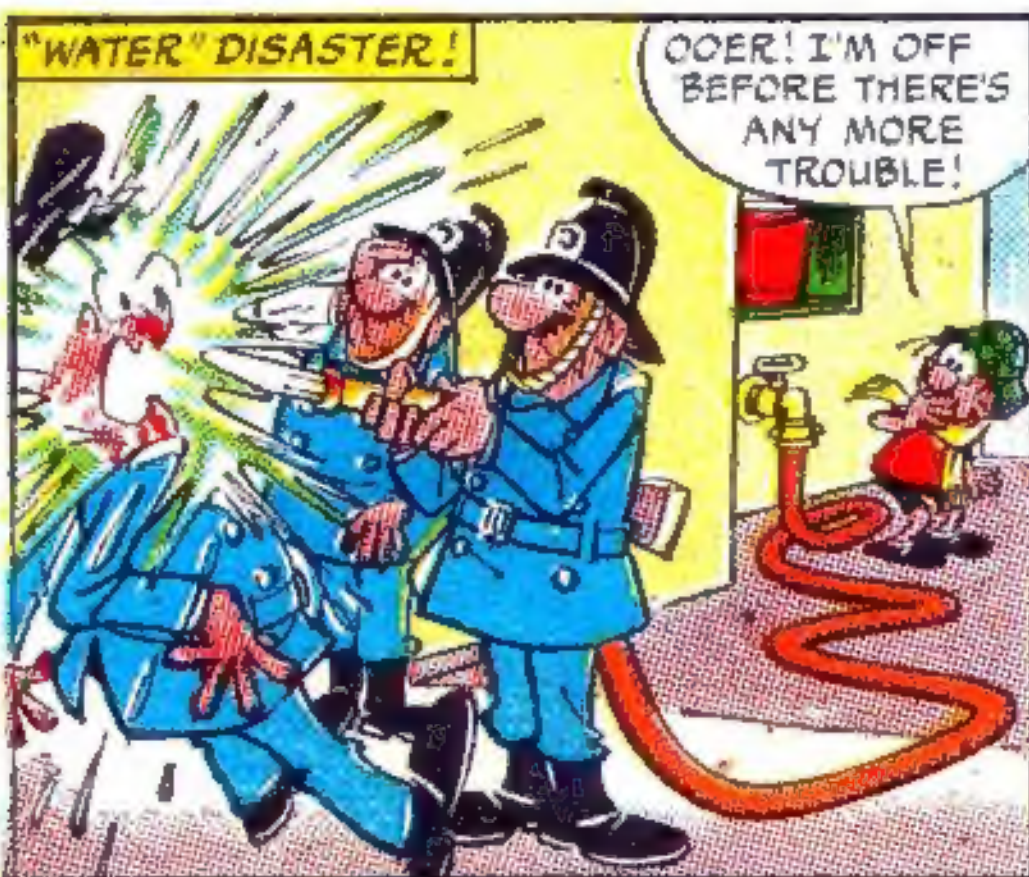
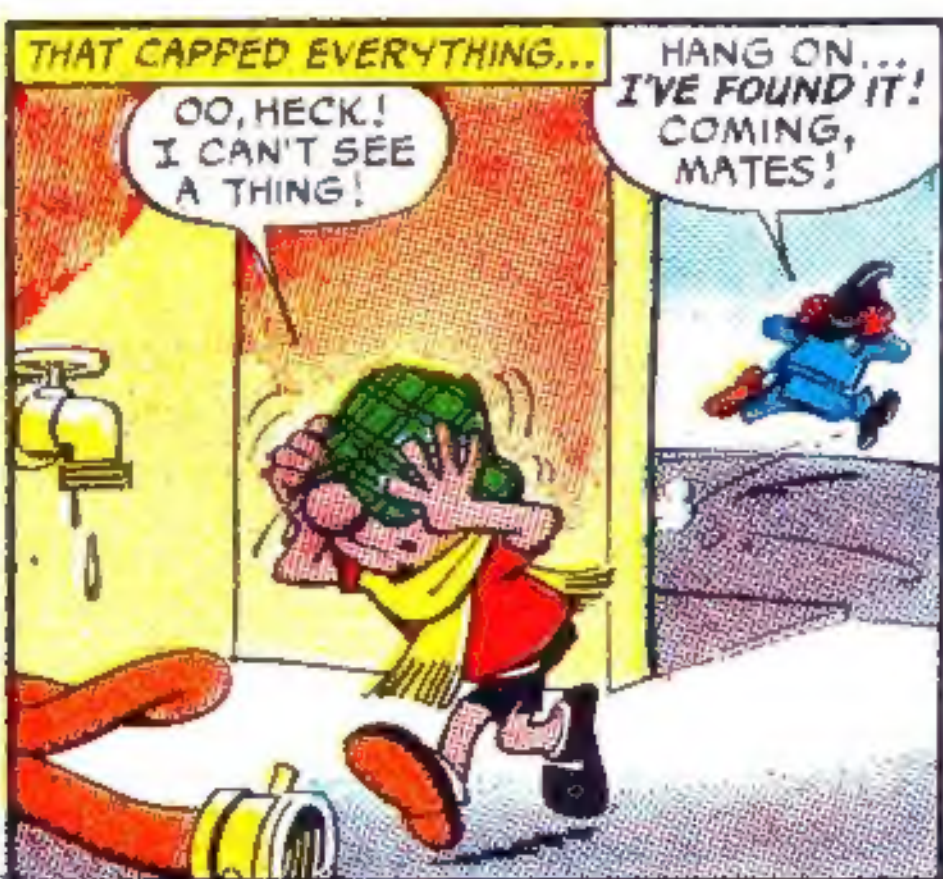
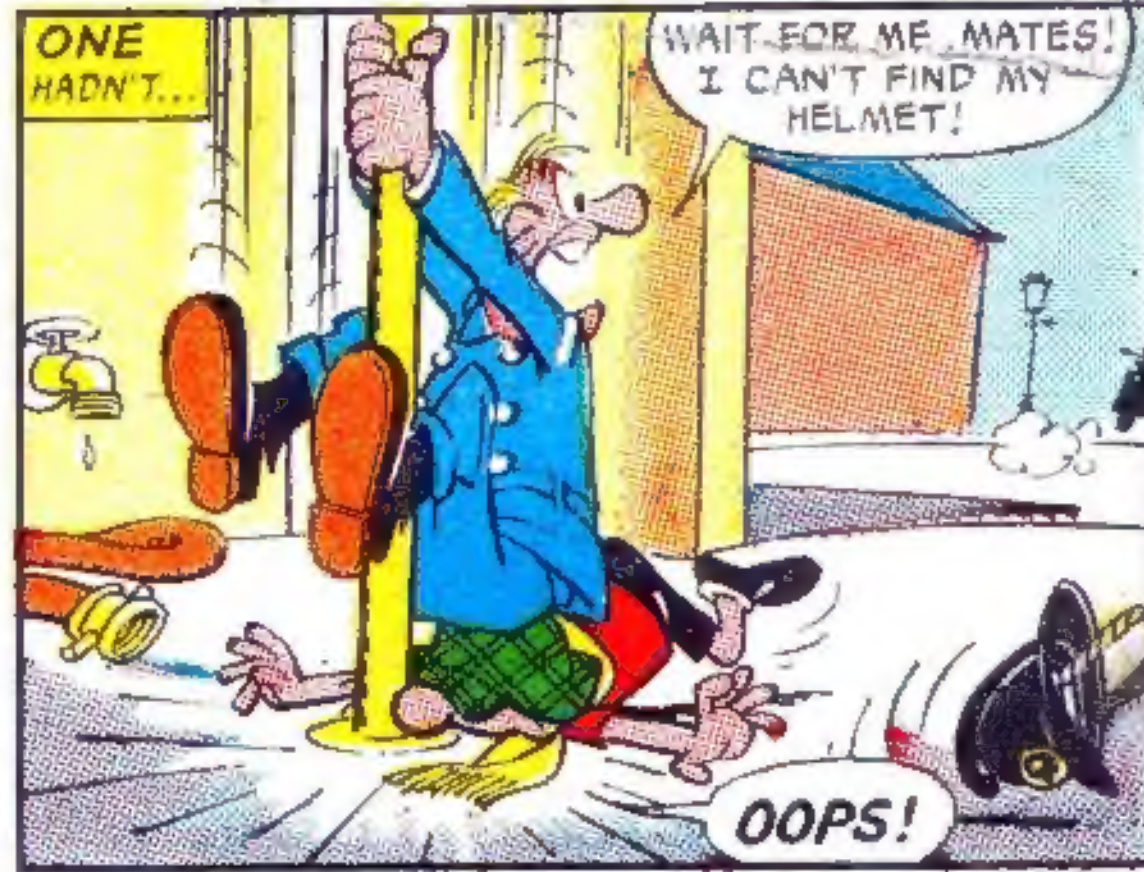
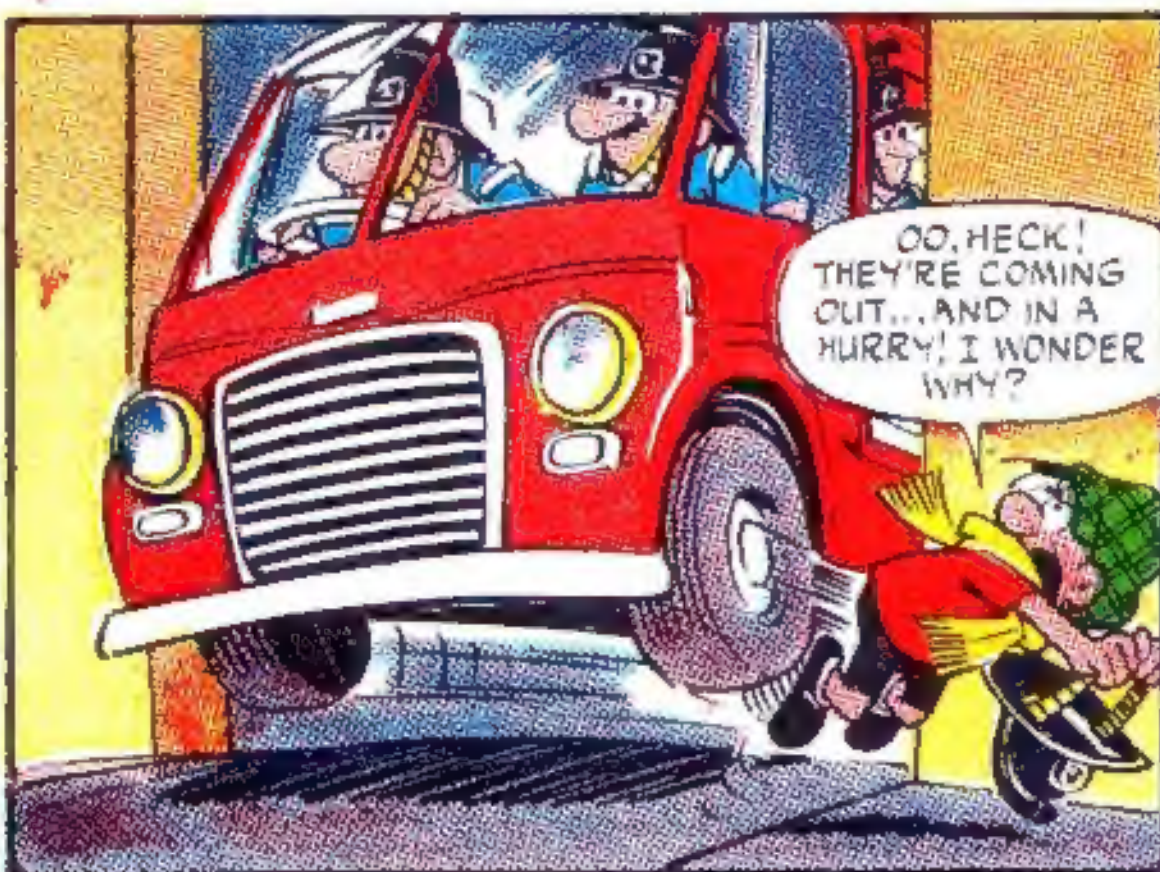
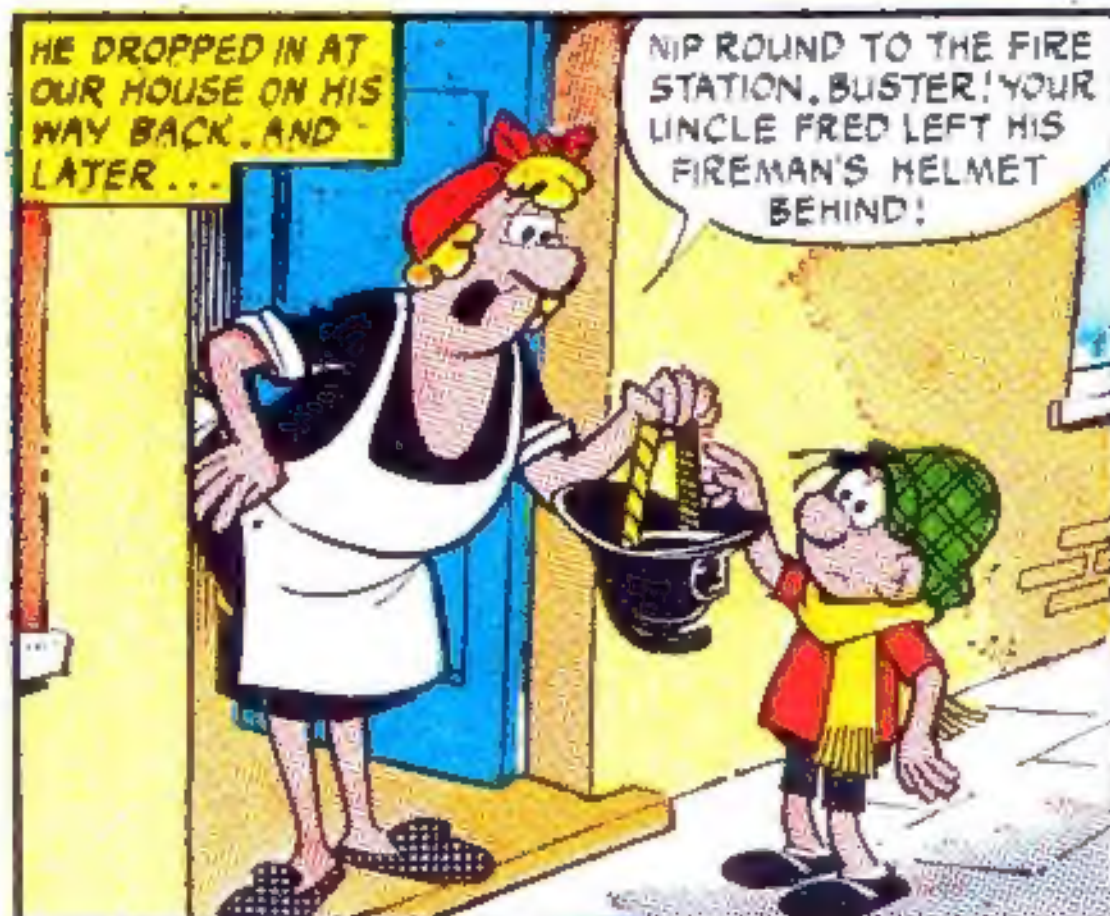
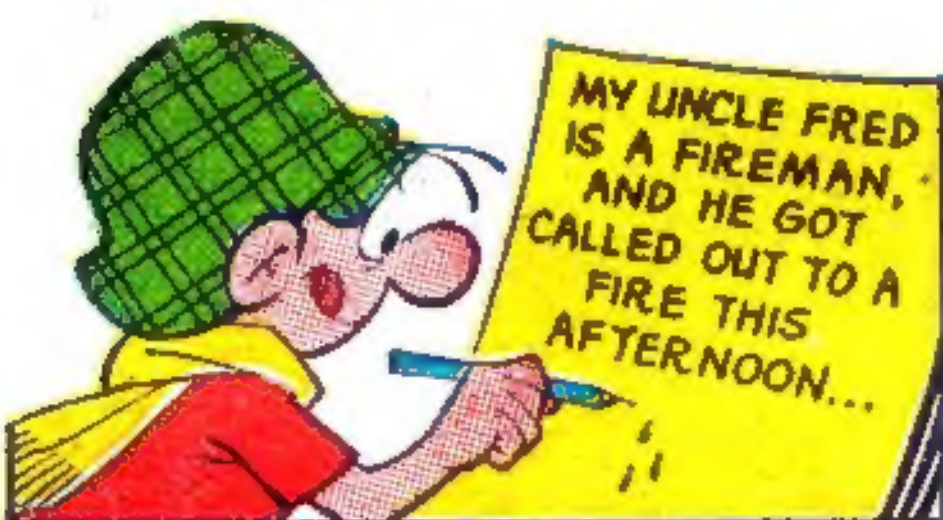
BUSTER^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-;
East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d.; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40
cents; Danmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65;
Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

6th JANUARY, 1968

BUSTER'S DIARY



IF THE TRAPPER OPENED FIRE, TINY GALAXUS WAS DOOMED!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Canada. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he stopped to rest in a trapper's cabin. When the man returned unexpectedly, Galaxus squeezed himself into what he thought was a safe hiding place—the right hand barrel of a shotgun...

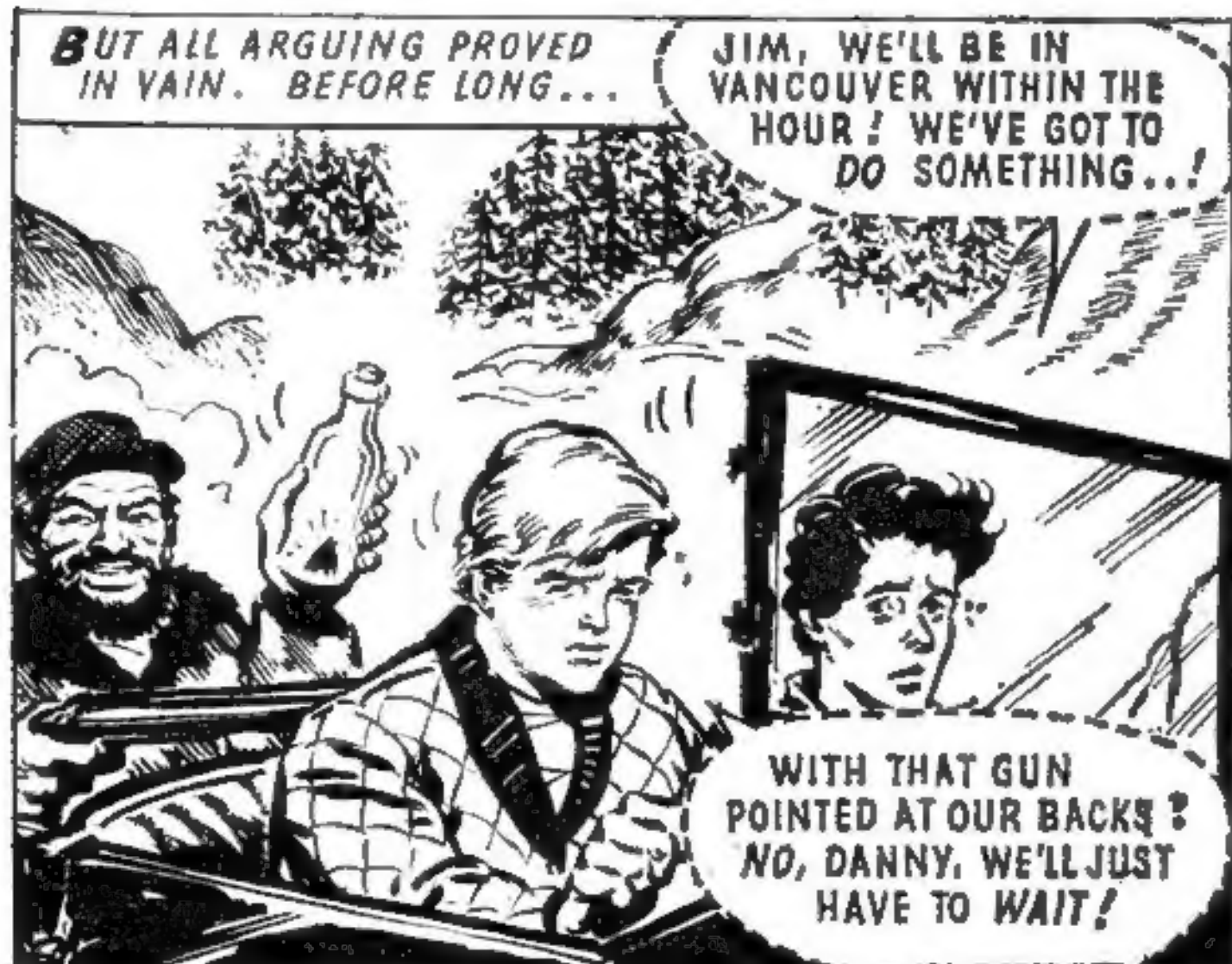




HEY— I'VE JUST COTTONED ON! YOU TWO ARE THE BRATS WHO CAN CONTROL THAT THERE MONSTER! GET BACK TO THE CABIN— MOVE!



OH, NO! DON'T TAKE US TO THE POLICE! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND...!



WITH THAT GUN POINTED AT OUR BACKS? NO, DANNY, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT!



HOWDY, SARGE... I HEAR TELL THE LAW'S A MITE INTERESTED IN THIS PIECE OF GOODS!

SUFFERIN' SAGEBRUSH, IT'S THE MONSTER!



JOE! BRAD! TAKE THESE KIDS TO THE CELLS AND GET THE MAYOR OVER HERE— FAST!

THAT OPEN WINDOW! IF WE'RE GOING TO GET AWAY, IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



HE'S SMASHED IT! LOOK OUT!

MAKE FOR THE WINDOW, DANNY! I'LL GRAB GALAXUS!



FREE AT LAST, THE BEWILDERED SPACE-CREATURE CLUNG ON TIGHTLY AS JIM FOLLOWED HIS BROTHER THROUGH THE WINDOW...

AFTER THEM! SEAL THAT ALLEY OFF!



THE BOYS SCRAMBLED TO THEIR FEET, BUT TO THEIR DISMAY THE ALLEY LED NOWHERE...

IT'S A DEAD END! WE'RE TRAPPED!

MAYBE NOT! IF GALAXUS GROWS TO GIANT SIZE, HE CAN VAULT THAT BUILDING AND TAKE US WITH HIM!



AT JIM'S COMMAND, THE FAITHFUL TOIL-CREATURE GREW TO GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS...

GET AWAY FROM THE CITY CENTRE, GALAXUS—MAKE FOR THE SUBURBS!

MUUUUUH!

YAAAAH! IT'S THE MONSTER! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



STEPPING CAREFULLY THROUGH PANIC-STRICKEN CROWDS, GALAXUS MADE HIS WAY TO THE CITY BOUNDARY...

NO SIGN OF ANY PURSUIT, THANK GOODNESS! I THINK WE'VE GOT CLEAR!

PERHAPS, BUT IF THE POLICE CALL THE ARMY IN, GALAXUS WILL BE A PERFECT TARGET AS HE IS NOW! YOU'D BETTER SHRINK YOURSELF AGAIN, OLD FRIEND!



AS ALWAYS, THE TRUSTING SPACE-CREATURE OBEYED...

WELL, SO FAR SO GOOD... BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

LET'S JUST GET OUR BREATH BACK FOR A MINUTE OR TWO—THAT WAS A PRETTY CLOSE CALL BACK THERE, DANNY!



THE BOYS TURNED AWAY, AND UNWITTINGLY, GALAXUS STEPPED BACKWARDS ON TO A BANANA SKIN...

MUU-OOAH!



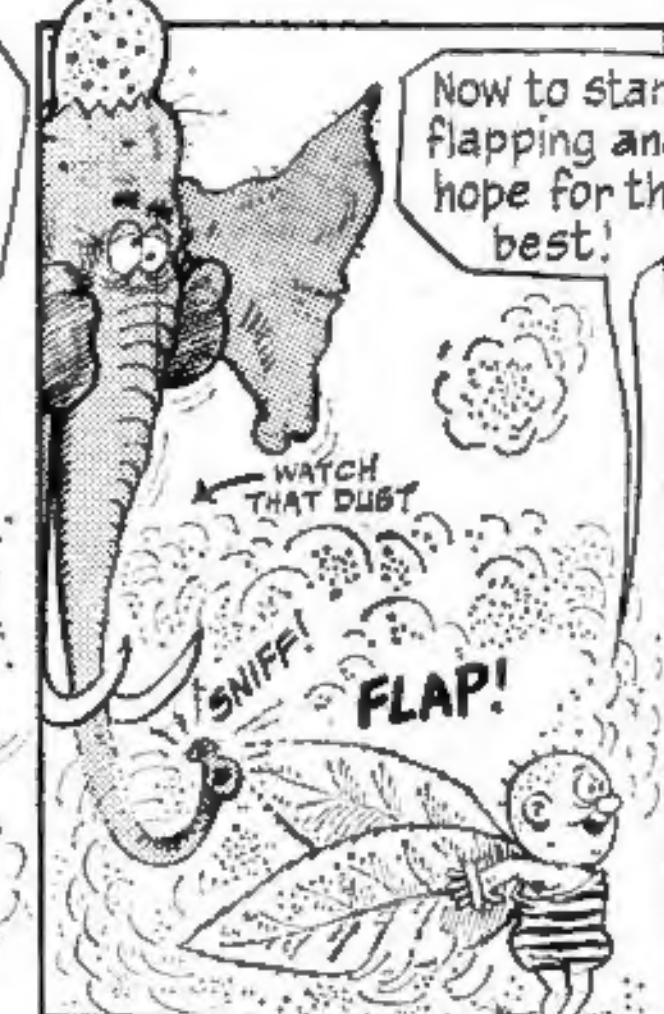
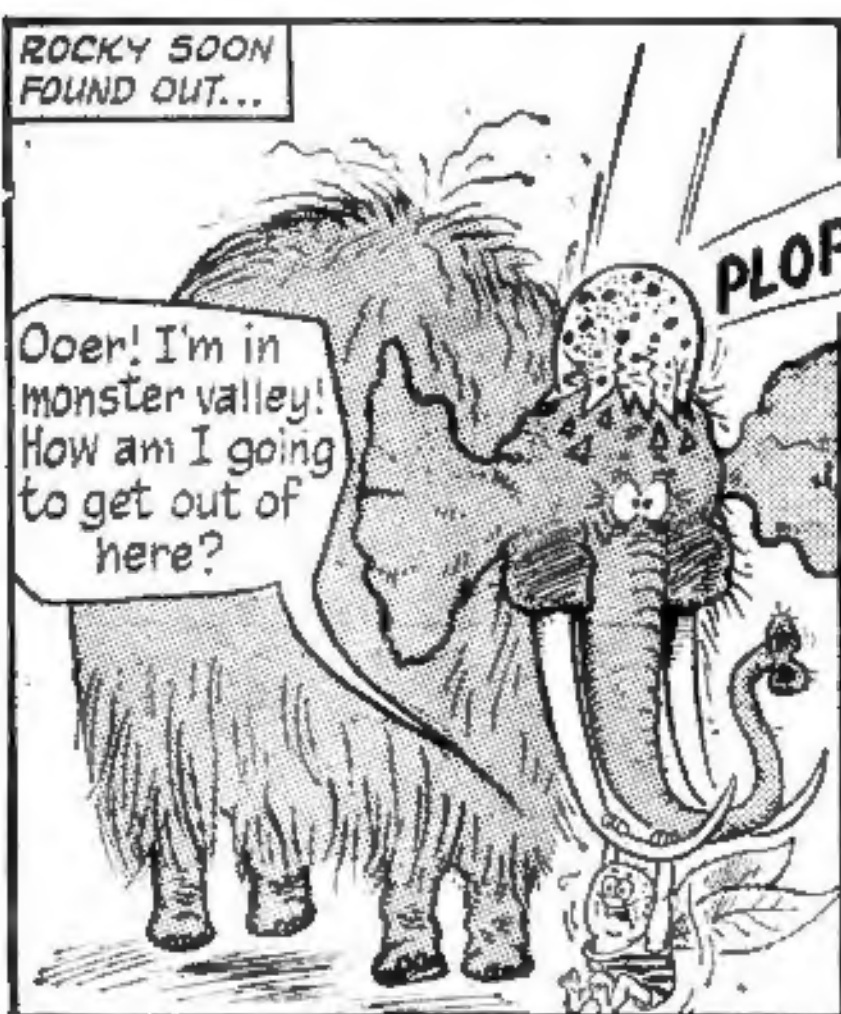
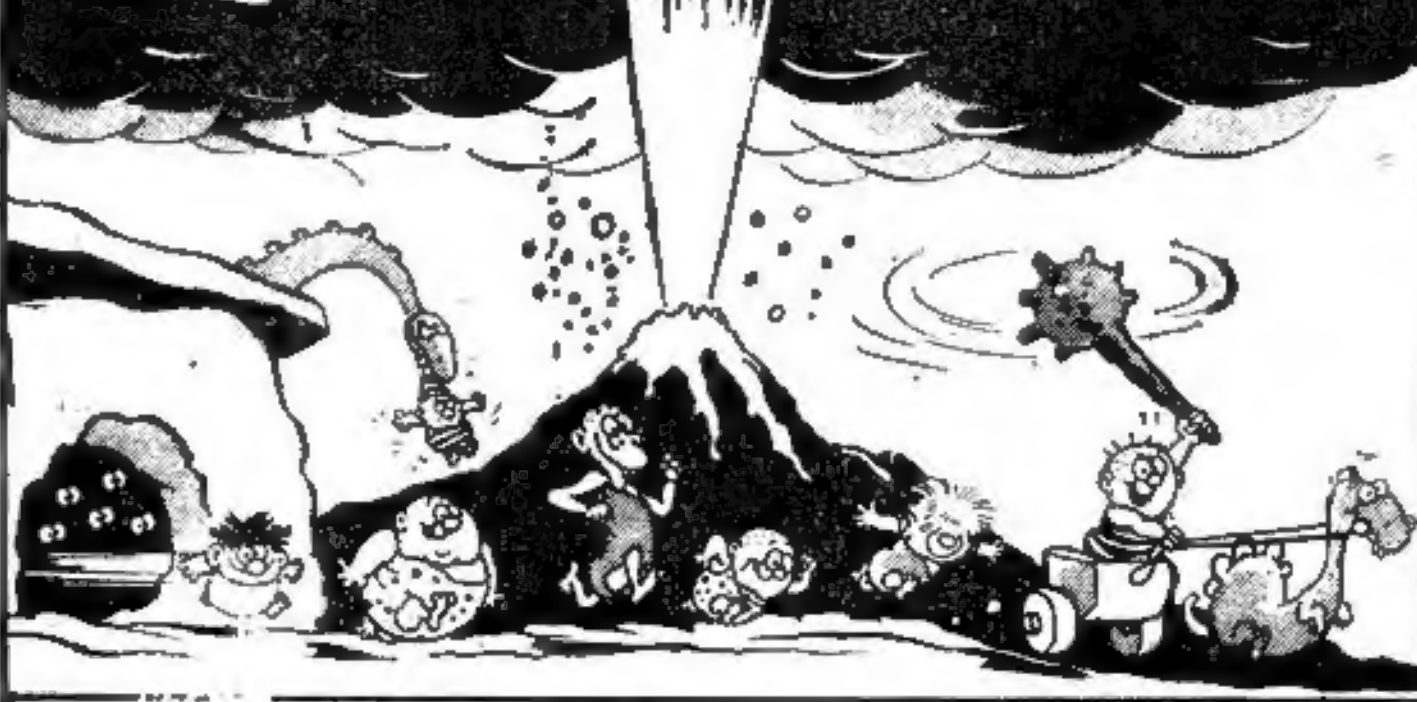
NEXT MOMENT, HE WAS FALLING HEADLONG OFF THE BRIDGE...

GALAXUS! OH, NO...!

JIM! HE'S FALLING ON TO THE LORRY!

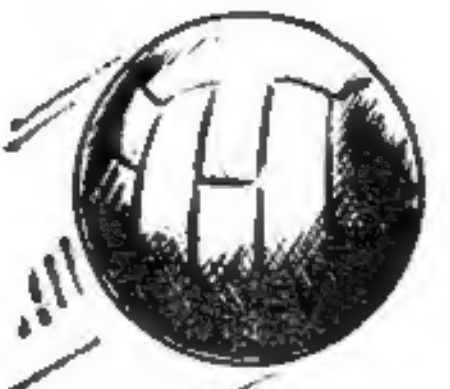
POOR GALAXUS! WHERE WILL THE LORRY TAKE HIM? MORE EXCITEMENT IN NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER"!

The CAVE KIDS



ENJOY ANOTHER COMICAL CARRY-ON WITH THE CAVE KIDS NEXT WEEK!

'CRACKER' CRAINE



'Cracker' Craine, hotshot centre forward of Ditchfield United, remained in Italy after playing in an international match. Secretly forced to work for a Government Security Department, Cracker went to the length of turning out for a charity game in order to help a fellow agent...

CRACKER LEFT THE FIELD...IN A HURRY!



SIGNOR CRAINE... WHAT IS-A DA MATTER? WHY-A YOU RUN OFF LIKE-A THIS?

BECAUSE THERE ARE TWO...ER... CROOKS AFTER ME AND MY PAL!

THE FOOTBALLERS CAME TO CRACKER'S RESCUE...



YOU LEAVE SIGNOR CRAINE ALONE! HE IS OUR FRIEND!

OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU FOOLS... OR YOU'LL GET HURT!

BUT SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMED THE ENEMY AGENTS...

THEY NOT-A HARM YOU NOW, CRACKER! YOU GO WHILE-A WE HOLD THEM-A DOWN!



THANKS, BOYS... I WON'T FORGET THIS IN A HURRY!

AFTER MAKING A SWIFT CHANGE OF CLOTHES IN THE DRESSING ROOM, CRACKER RACED TO THE AIRPORT WITH THE MAN HE HAD SAVED...



WHERE'S THE CHIEF? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TO GET ME ON A PLANE!

THE SILLY OLD BUFFER'S PROBABLY FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT!

SUDDENLY...

DON'T CALL ME A SILLY OLD BUFFER, CRAINE! I ALWAYS KEEP UP WITH MY JOB! OKAY... YOU CAN GO. I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!



CHEERIO, CRACKER... THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!

THAT'S OKAY! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MATE!

BACK AT THE YOUNG ENGLAND TEAM'S HOTEL...



SO THERE YOU ARE, CRACKER! WE'VE HAD A SMASHING PARTY! YOU'VE MISSED ALL THE FUN!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, PAL! LIFE'S BEEN ANYTHING BUT DULL FOR ME HERE, I CAN TELL YOU! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK HOME!

THAT NIGHT...



I WONDER HOW DITCHFIELD UNITED HAVE BEEN GETTING ON? I'VE MISSED THREE GAMES BECAUSE OF THIS TRIP! IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE THE LADS AGAIN!

NEXT DAY, ON THE FLIGHT
BACK TO ENGLAND...



THERE'S THE
COAST! WE'RE
ALMOST
HOME!

BACK TO THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER
GAMES! IT'LL BE GREAT TO PLAY IN
THE MUD AND RAIN AGAIN!

BUT OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT...



W-WHAT? ME ON
THE TRANSFER LIST?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



CRACKER PUT THROUGH
AN URGENT CALL TO
THE DITCHFIELD
MANAGER...

THAT YOU, DAVE?
WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT ME BEING
UP FOR SALE?



DITCHFIELD HAS
LOST THE FINANCIAL
BACKING OF ONE
OF ITS LARGEST
SHAREHOLDERS!
WE NEED THE
MONEY YOUR
TRANSFER WOULD
RAISE!

AT DITCHFIELD'S GROUND THE
FOLLOWING DAY, CRACKER
SOUGHT A MEETING WITH THE
CLUB DIRECTORS...



BUT I DON'T
WANT TO LEAVE
DITCHFIELD!

WELL, THE ONLY
WAY WE MAY BE ABLE TO
KEEP YOU, CRACKER, IS
IF WE HAVE A GOOD
RUN IN THE
CUP..!

UNFORTUNATELY, WE PLAY MELTON ROVERS
IN THE TIE ON SATURDAY... AND THEY'RE
THE LEAGUE LEADERS!
WE HAVEN'T MUCH
CHANCE!



IT'S UP TO ME
TO SCORE A
FEW GOALS, THEN!
I WON'T FAIL!

THE DAYS FLEW BY AND ON SATURDAY,
BEFORE THE GAME...



DON'T WORRY,
CRACKER...
WE'LL BEAT
MELTON!

NO-ONE
WANTS TO SEE
YOU GO FROM
DITCHFIELD!

THANKS,
LADS...

DESPITE THEIR BOLD WORDS, THE
DITCHFIELD PLAYERS WERE ON EDGE
FACING THE LEAGUE LEADERS...



STONE ME, WHAT A CRUDE CLEARANCE!
JOE WOULD NEVER KICK INTO
TOUCH LIKE THAT NORMALLY!

TENSION AFFECTED
THE WHOLE TEAM...

WAKE UP, DITCHFIELD...
MELTON ARE ALL OVER YOU!



TWO MINUTES
GONE... AND THEY'VE
MADE TEN DAFT
MISTAKES
ALREADY!

ONE SUCH ERROR WAS TO PROVE COSTLY...



GOT IT
COVERED,
TOMMY?

YUP...
THIS IS AN
EASY ONE!

BUTTERFINGERS!
DITCHFIELD HAVEN'T A HOPE!



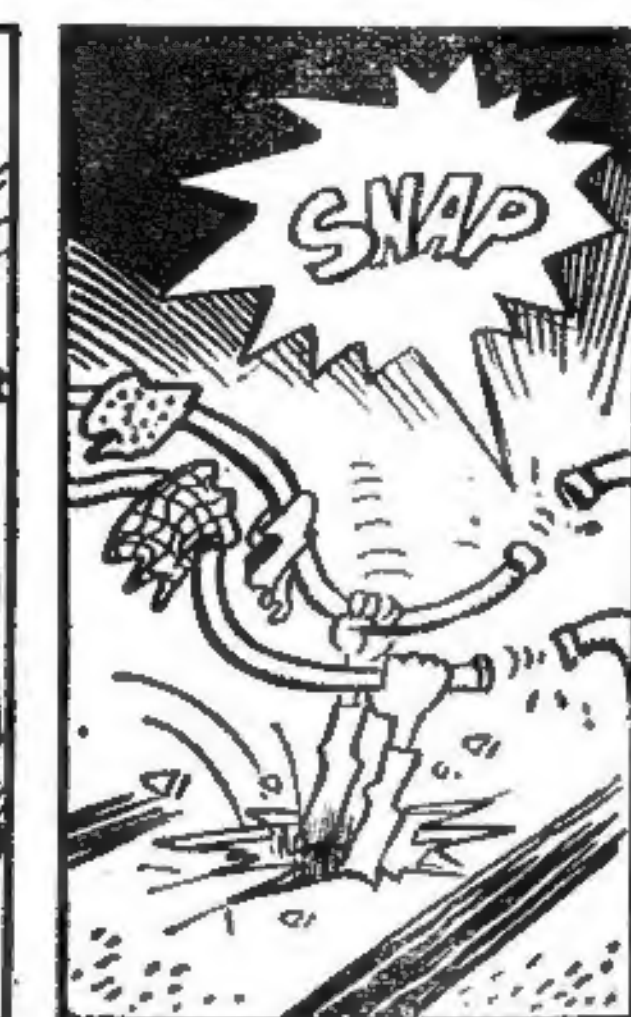
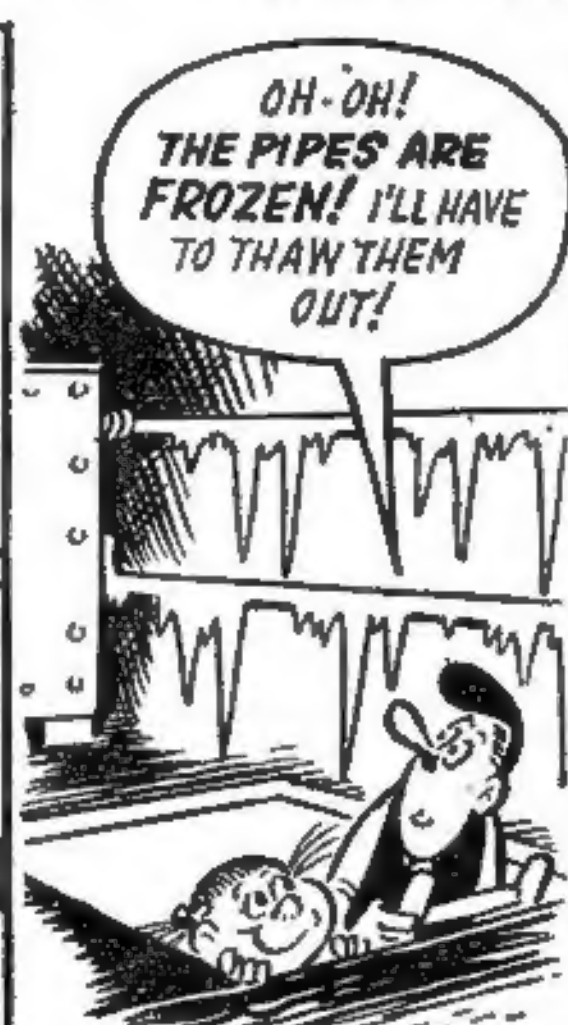
OH, NO! WE'RE
REALLY UP
AGAINST IT
NOW!

IS THE MATCH AS GOOD AS LOST? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED EPISODE!

IT'S A TOSS-UP WHETHER DAD FACES A LET-DOWN OR NOT TODAY!

DINAH MITE

She's Dainty - Aint' She?



MORE FUN WITH DINAH—AND A SUPER COMPETITION—NEXT WEEK! SEE PAGE 21 FOR DETAILS!

A BAR OF SOAP WAS TO PLAY ITS PART IN CHARLIE'S BID TO CLEAN UP!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of **Charlie Peace**

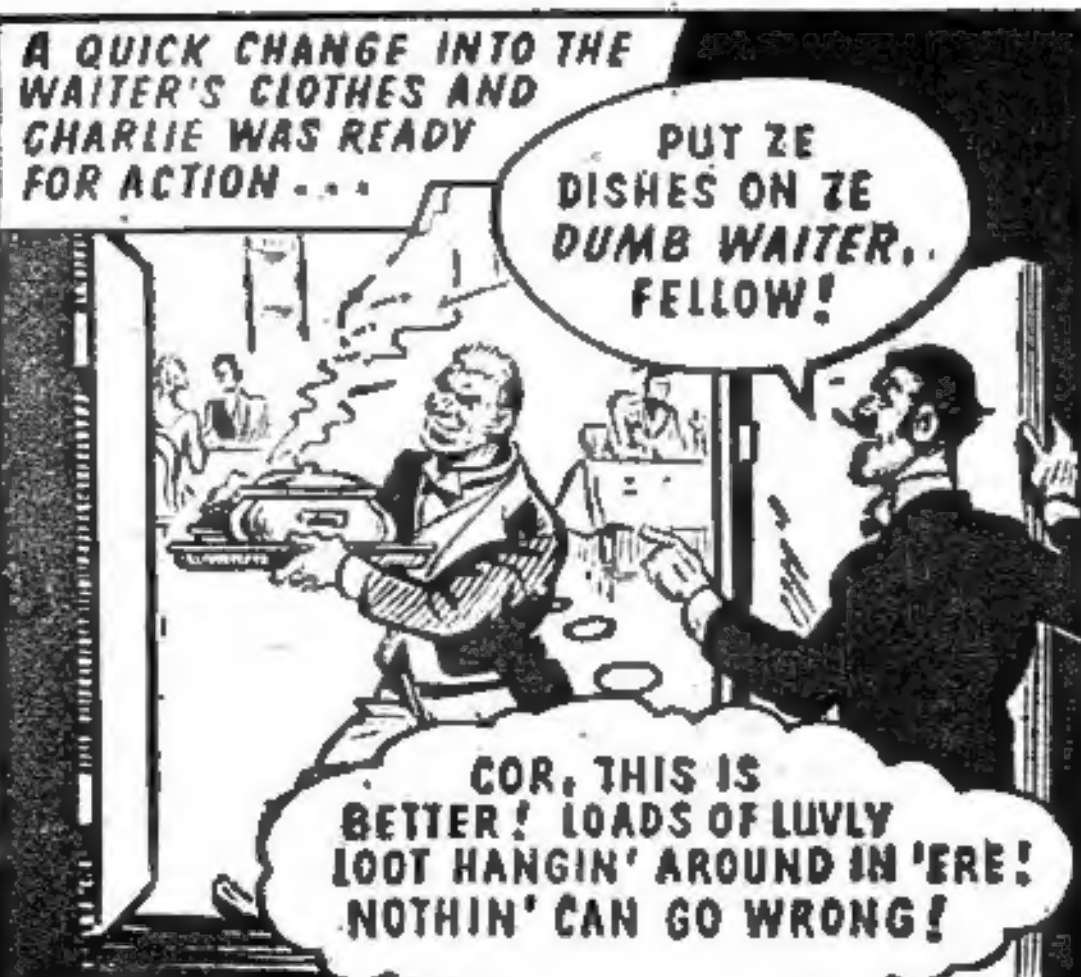


It was a bitter winter's day in Victorian London, and an icy gale made master-thief Charlie Peace shiver with cold. His criminal career was far from prospering...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

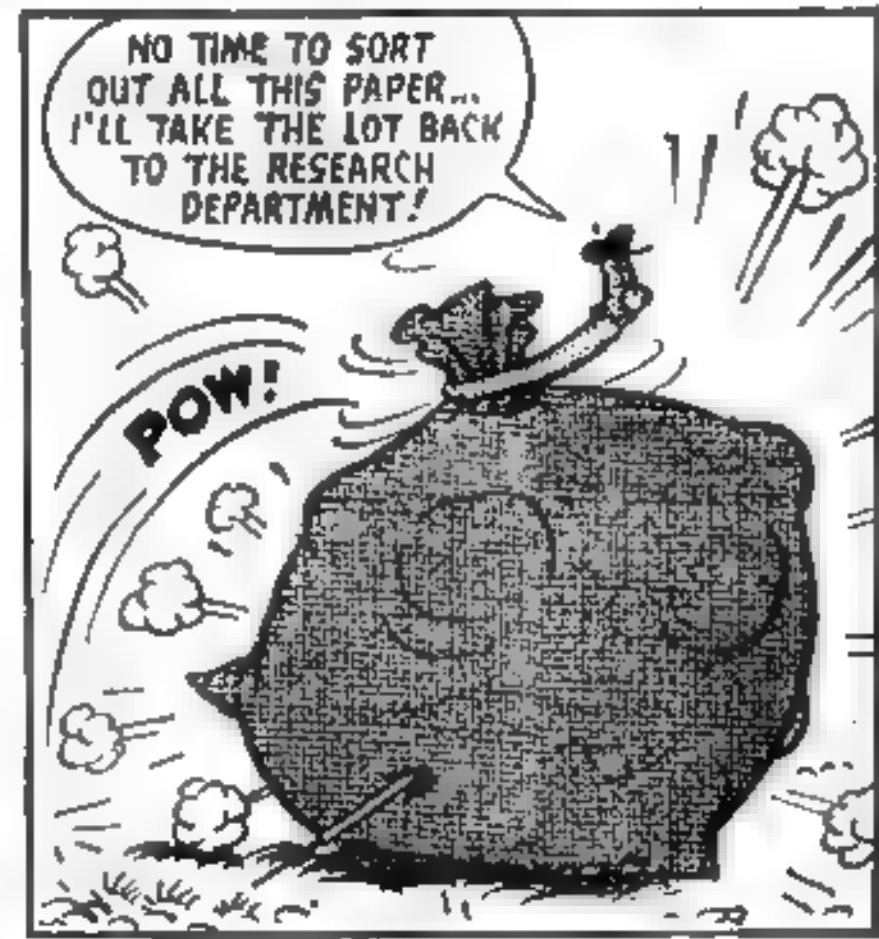
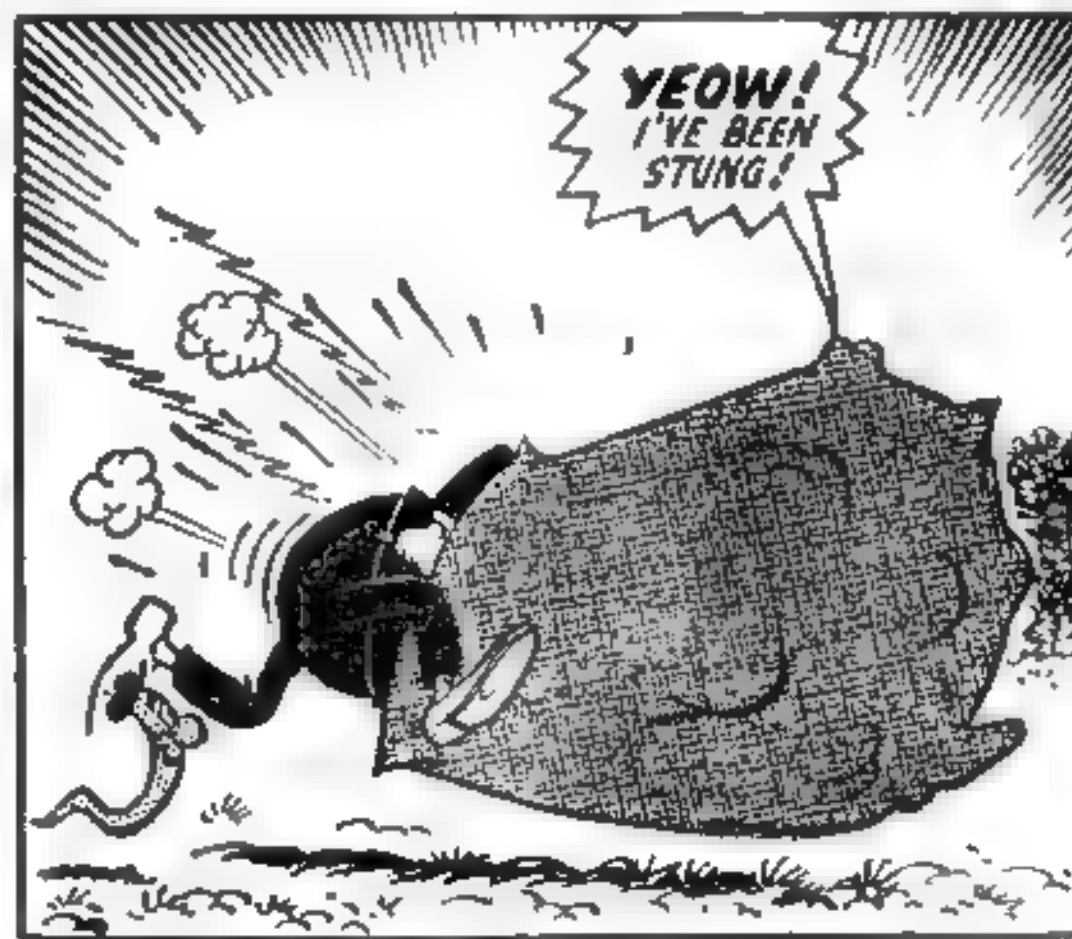
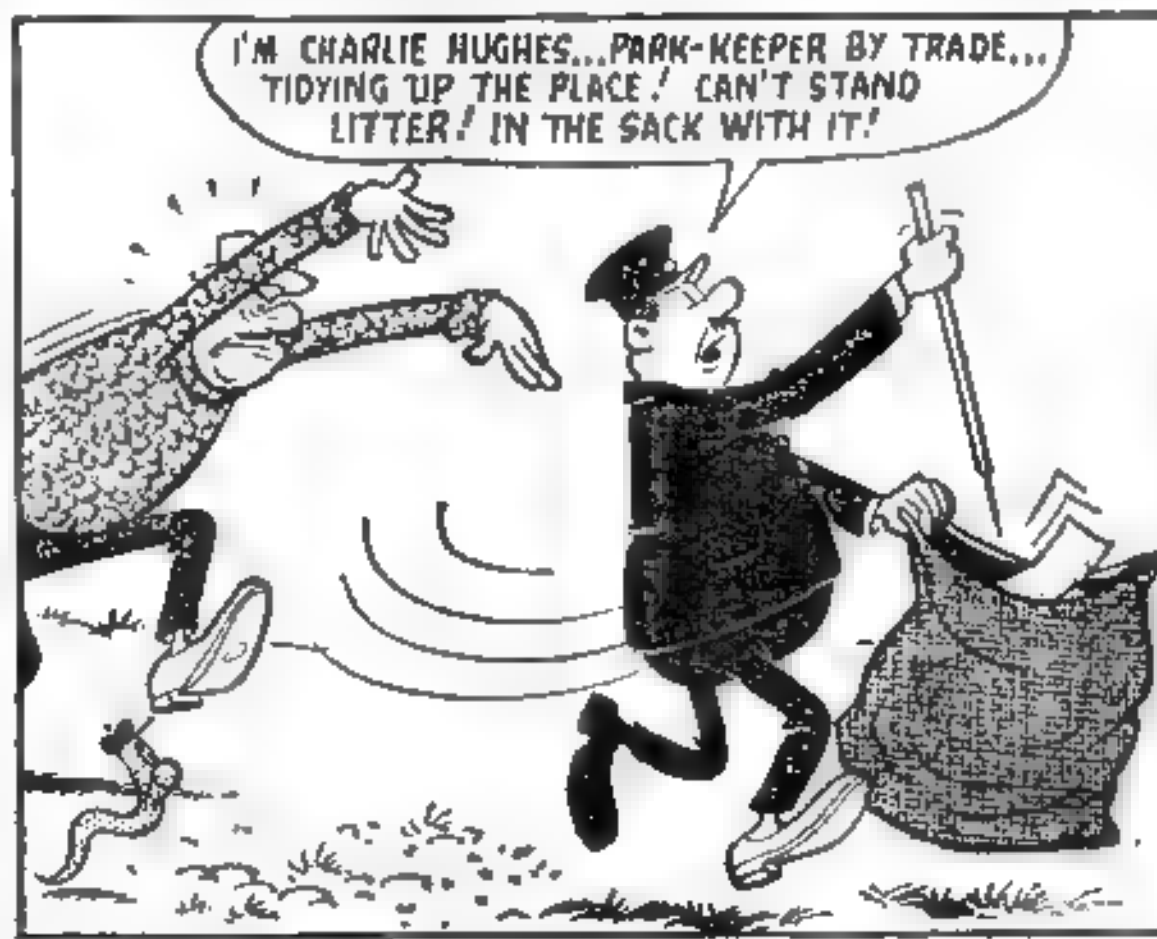
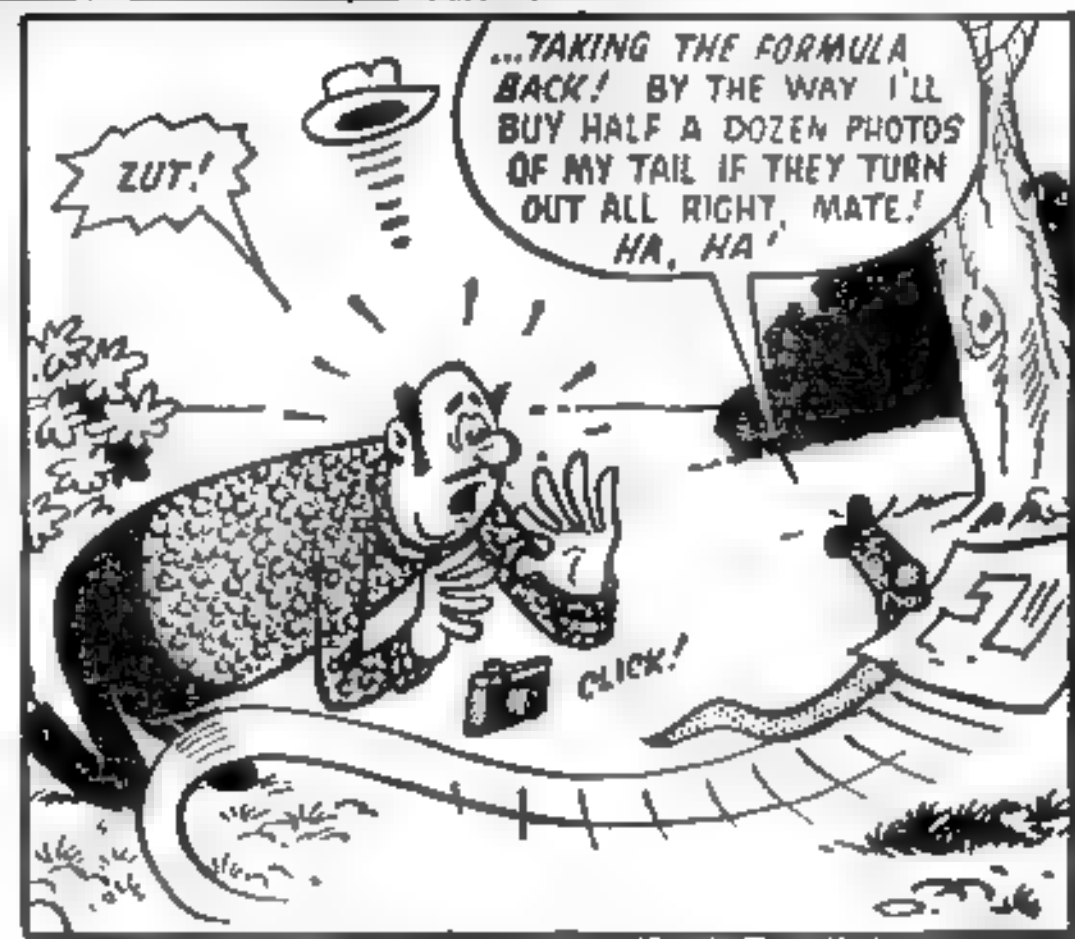
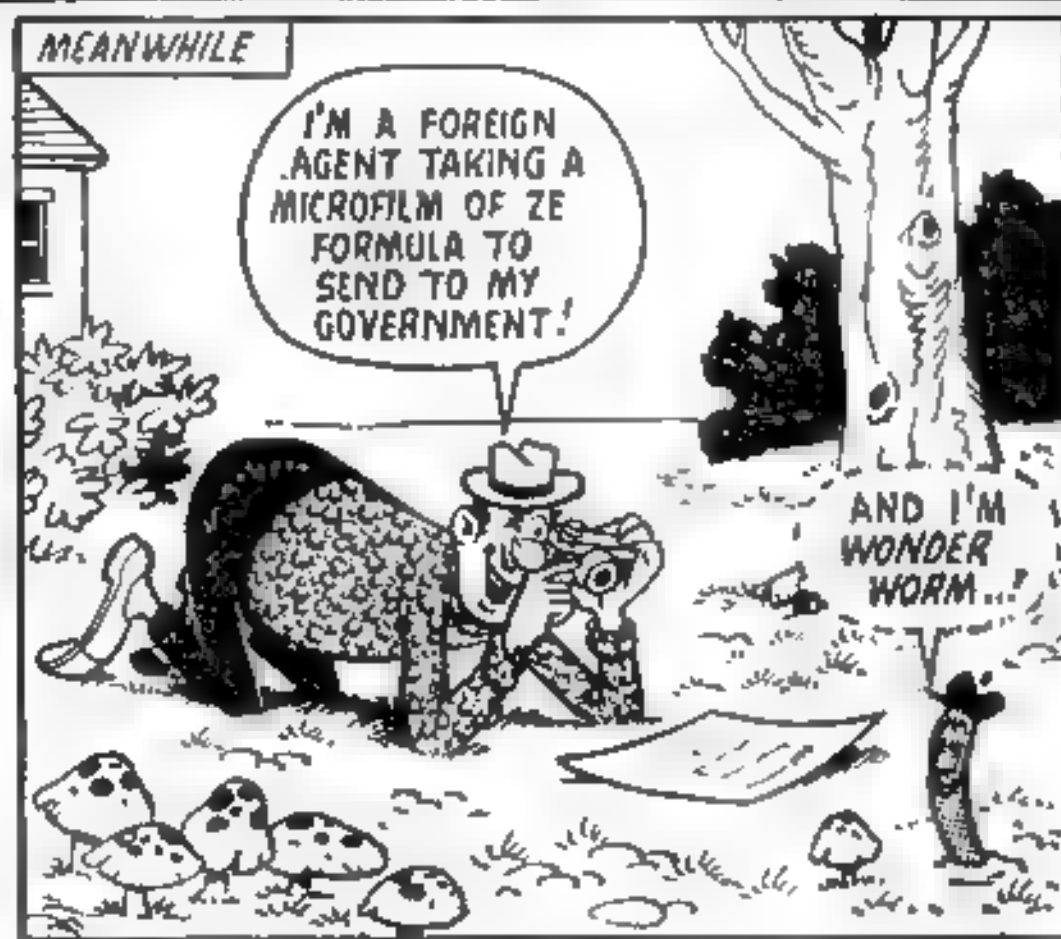
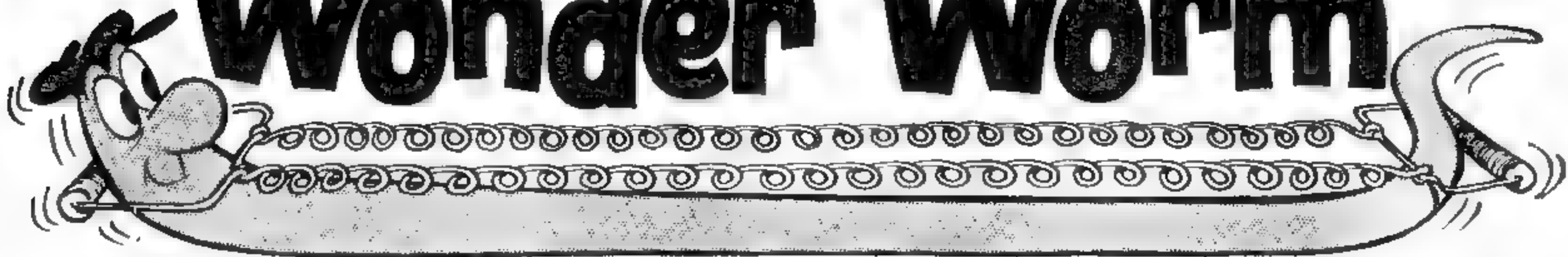
THE ARCH-ROGUE WAS A WAITER—BUT HE MEANT TO HELP HIMSELF!





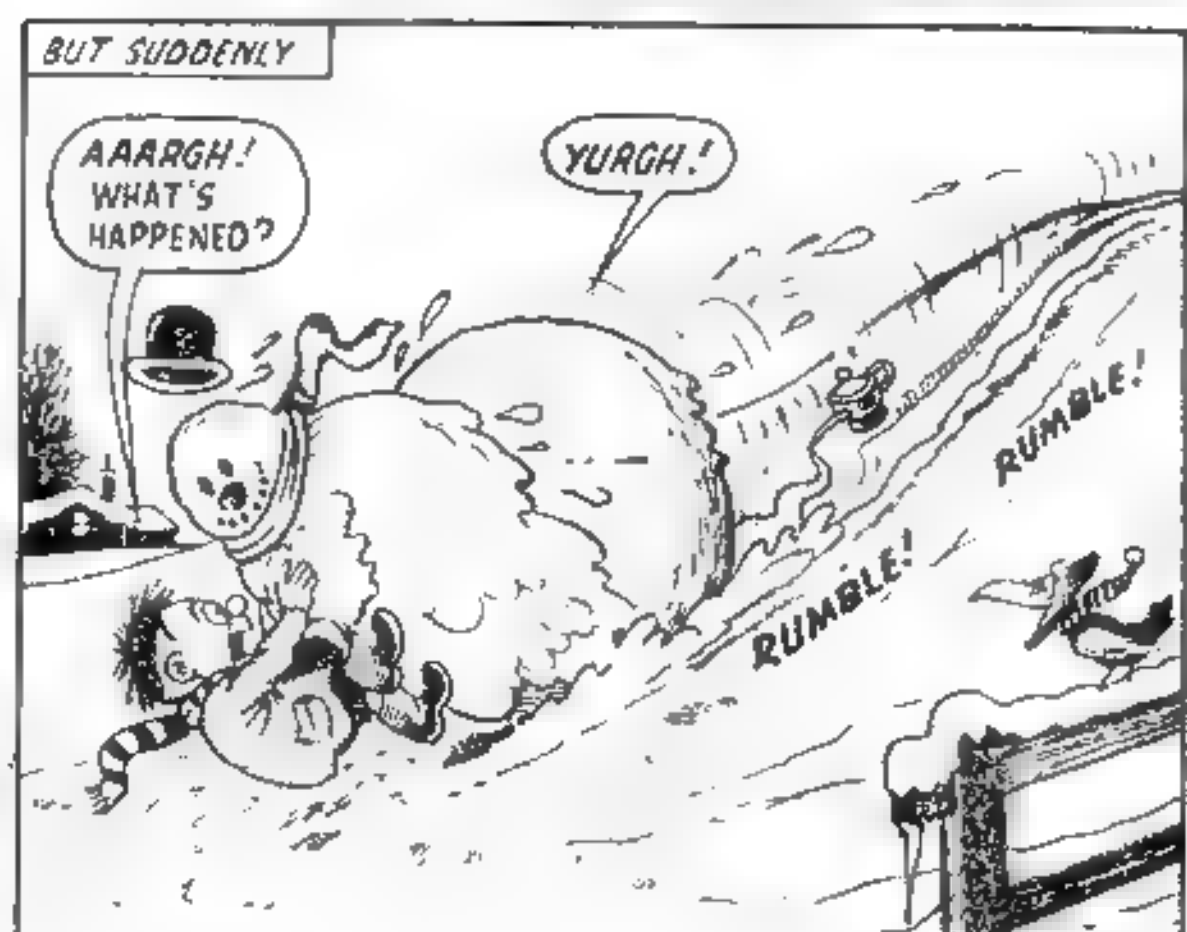
CAN WONDER WORM TRIUMPH AGAIN? YES — IT'S IN THE BAG!

Wonder Worm



BIG TROUBLE FOR WONDER WORM NEXT MONDAY — IN THE SHAPE OF AN ELEPHANT!

ANDY 'n' FRED



ARTY'S GHOST PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY...NUTTY WAS CERTAINLY IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT FOR BATTLE!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In Scotland, Nutty Slack believed that unless he won every event in the Killicuddy Highland Games he would be punished by a ghost for destroying the sacred pipes of the Macaroon Clan. After winning three events, Nutty collapsed through exhaustion—but when confronted by a glowing figure, the young wrestler revived...

NUTTY TOOK TO HIS HEELS — AND KEPT ON RUNNING...



AAAOWW!
KEEP IT AWAY!
IT'S THE GHOST
OF RORY
MACAROON!

HAA, HAAH! LOOK
AT OLD NUTTY GO! HE'LL
BE ON TIME FOR THE
SEMI-FINAL OF THE
WRESTLING NOW!

IN REALITY, THE 'GHOST' WAS NONE OTHER
THAN NUTTY'S SCHEMING MANAGER,
ARTY MANN...



BOSS, YOU... YOU MEAN YOU
FOUND THAT SPOOKY COSTUME
HIDDEN BEHIND A
SECRET PANEL?

THAT'S RIGHT, MUSHY!
WHOEVER IMPERSONATED
RORY MACAROON TO SCARE
NUTTY EARLIER MUST HAVE
LEFT IT THERE! THE
GHOST DOESN'T EXIST...

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO
TELL NUTTY ANYTHING! AS
LONG AS HE THINKS HE'S
BEEN CURSED, HE'LL FIGHT
LIKE FURY AND WIN FOR
US THE BIGGEST
PRIZE OF THE
GAMES!



NUTTY'S SEMI-FINAL OPPONENT
WAS ALREADY WAITING...



CRUIKEY! IS
THIS BEANPOLE
A MACAROON?

YES - 'TIS TAMMY THE TALL!
APART FROM HAMISH, HE'S THE
LONGEST-REIGNING CHAMPION
AT HIGHLAND WRESTLING!

THE LOFTY SCOTTISH WRESTLER
ATTACKED WITH SURPRISING
STRENGTH AND SPEED...



AA-AAGH! HE'S
LIKE A... BONY...
OCTOPUS! I... I
CAN'T... MOVE!

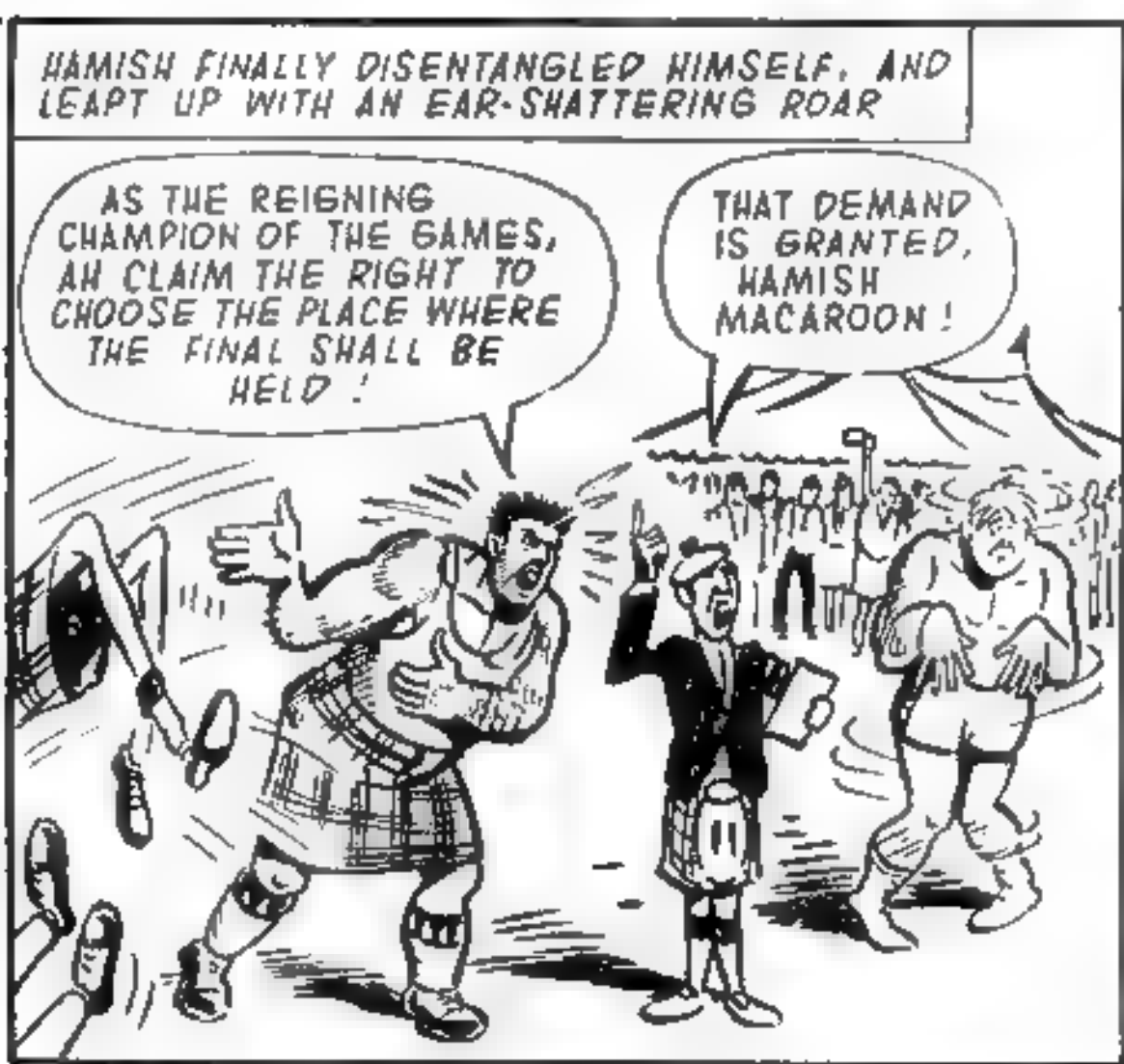
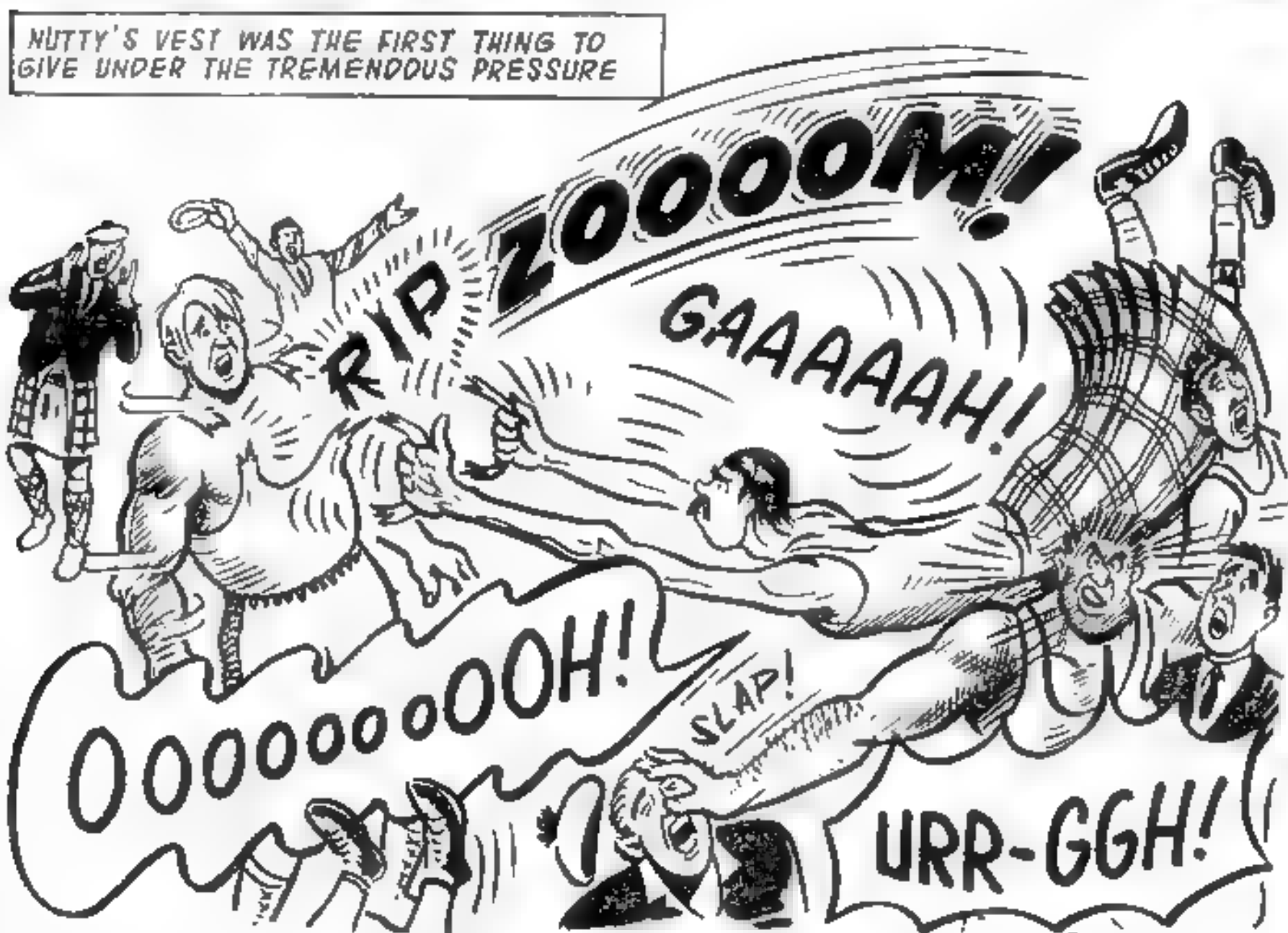
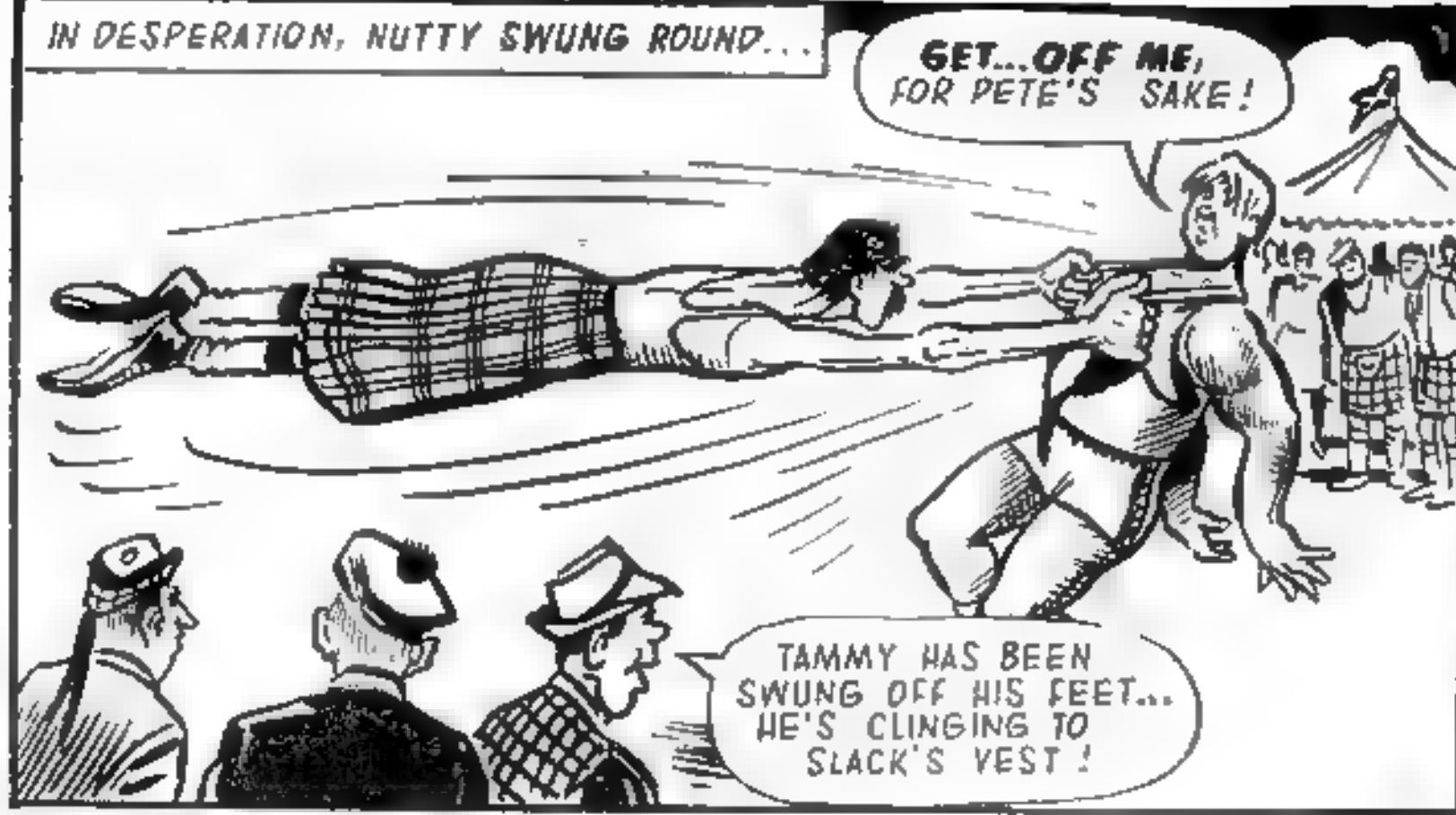
HAW,
HAAAAW!

NUTTY'S PRINCIPAL RIVAL, HAMISH MACAROON,
ROARED WITH LAUGHTER...



JU-UUUF
GAAAAH!

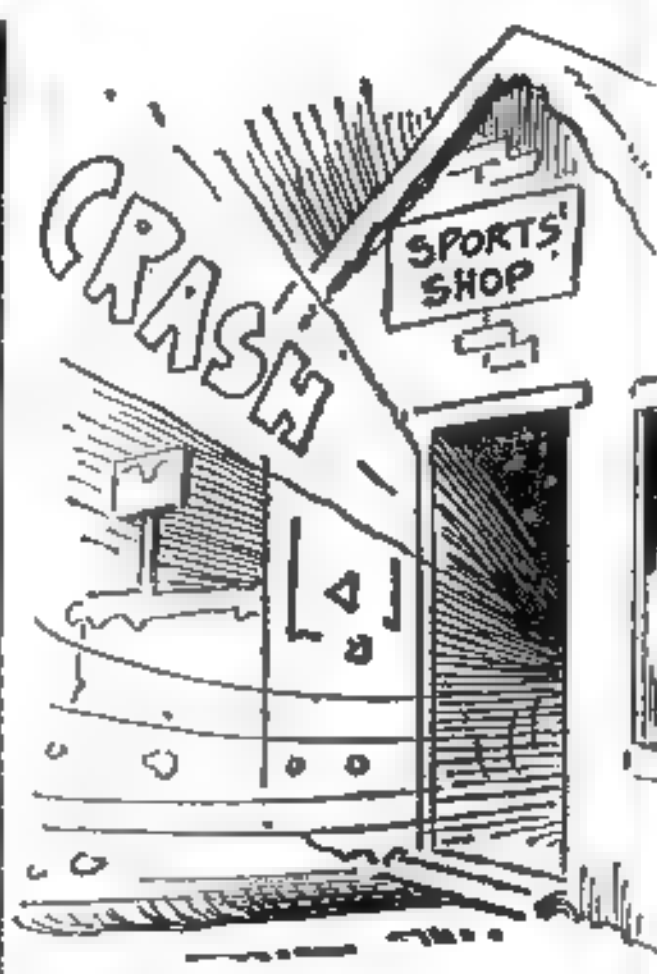
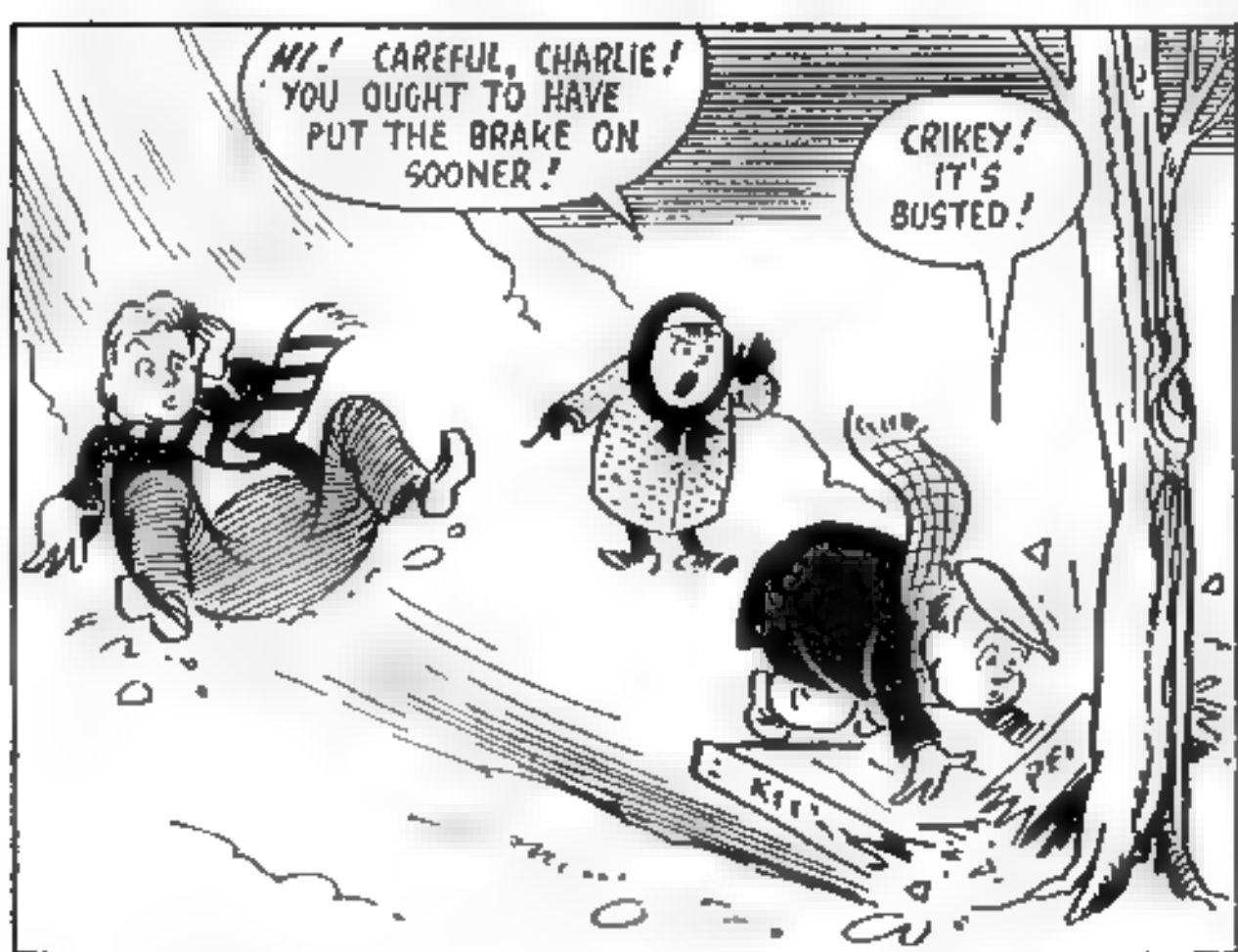
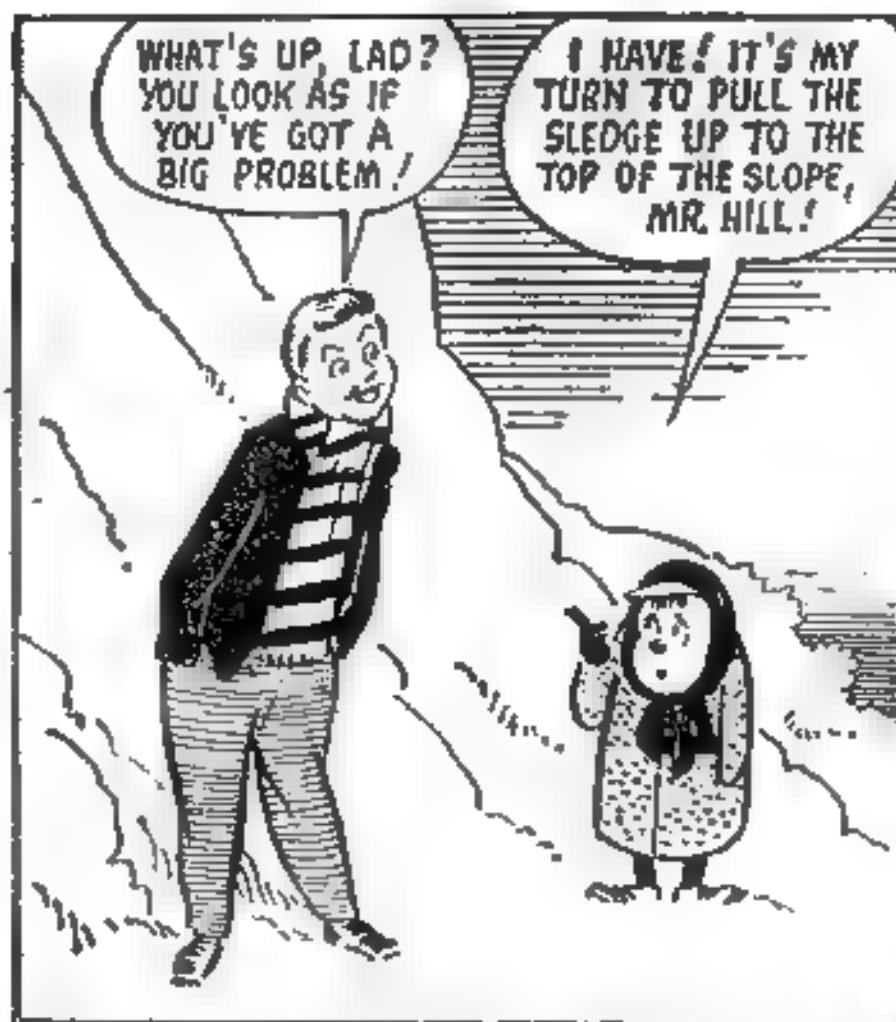
VON SASSENACH IS TOO
WEAK TO BREAK TAMMY'S GRIP!
METHINKS 'T'WILL BE THE
FIRST ALL-MACAROON
FINAL FOR YEARS!



IS NUTTY'S FIGHT ABOUT TO COME TO A DRAMATIC END? READ THE CONTINUATION NEXT MONDAY!

BENNY PAYS THE PRICE FOR HIS GENEROSITY, ALL RIGHT!

Benny Hill



OUR FUN-CHUM IS LEFT OUT IN THE COLD NEXT WEEK! YOU'LL WARM TO HIS ANTICS!

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE BIRTH DATES . . .

17th DECEMBER, 1956

14th FEBRUARY, 1958

31st OCTOBER, 1960

27th AUGUST, 1955

5th JULY, 1957

23rd APRIL, 1959

LET'S look very carefully at this week's six prize birth dates—there could be a reward here for you! If you can see your exact day, month and year of birth, and you sent in a Club joining form before Monday, 25th December, you can send in your claim immediately. Here's what you do . . .

On a postcard, write your full name, address and date of birth. Now add your choice from this list of awards: Fountain Pen, Writing Folder, Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife or Disguise Outfit—they're shown on the right!

To win your prize you now have to solve the following simple puzzle. All you have to do is find the two letters which, added to the end of these words, make up five new words:

HAT PAT CAT MAT BAT

Now write these five new words on your card, put **DATES** in the top left corner of the address side, and post it to reach the Club by Thursday, 11th January. If you live overseas you have until 2nd May.



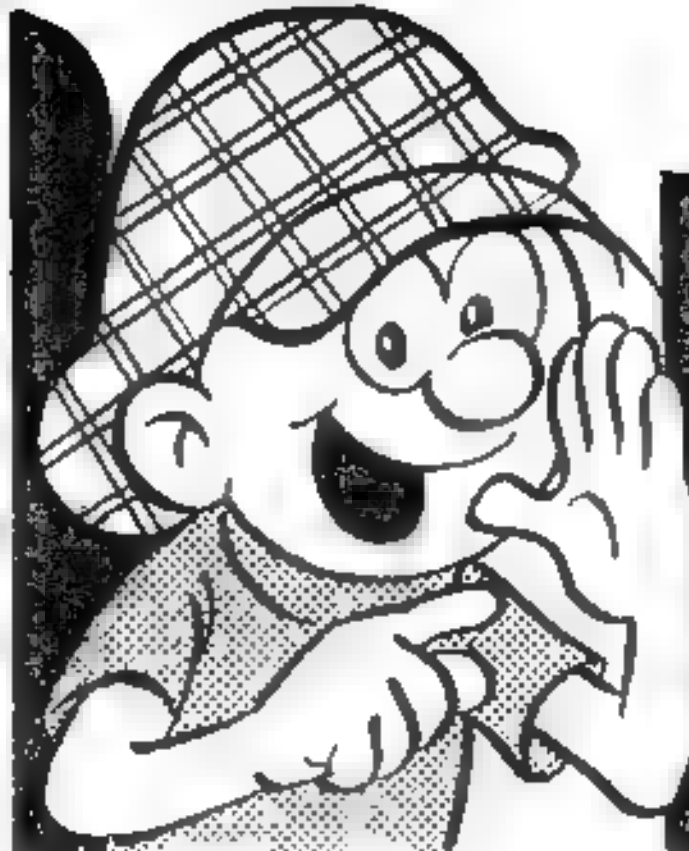
David Phillips, 11, is interested in model trains, swimming and cricket. He hails from Brighton.

Football, cricket, sometimes tennis—that's what Paul Whitehead, 11, of Grimsby, said his hobbies are!



Competitions are favourites with Malcolm Ridler, 11, of Penlan. He also likes drawing.

A mystery man, that's Terry O'Connell, 10, of Limerick. What's the medal for, Terry?



BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB

Hi, gang! Well, the New Year is with us and I hope that you've all turned over that new leaf we are forever being told about. Of course, it's always a good idea to look at whatever you are doing to see if you can get more pleasure and enjoyment by going about it in a different way. Try doing the worst chore you know—cleaning out your pet's cage, gardening, or whatever it is—in a more light-hearted way and see if I'm right. Then write and tell me all about it! Your old chum, BUSTER



50

JIGSAW PUZZLES TO BE WON

If you're a member of my super Club—or enrolling straight away—here's your chance to win a smashing 470-piece jigsaw puzzle! There are 50 jigsaws waiting for the winners of this free-and-easy competition, so—get busy!

To try for a prize, you simply have to discover all the boys' Christian names in this string of letters:

BOBRIANDREWARTHUROGERALDENISTEVE

Just read them off from left to right (watch out, they overlap!) then list them all neatly in order on a plain postcard. Underneath, add your own full name, address and birth date, ask a parent or other adult to sign the entry as your unaided work and mark it "NAMES" in the front top left corner. Post (in the same envelope as joining form please, newcomers) to reach the Club address not later than Thursday, 11th January, the closing date.

The prize jigsaws will be awarded for the 50 neatest correct entries according to age, and the Editor's decision is final.

There are book prizes for 20 overseas members. Their entries should arrive by 2nd May

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL
Names are
MY FULL
Address is



The Club Badge costs one shilling plus postage

I was born on

DAY OF
MONTH:
(in figures)

MONTH

YEAR

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stuck 4d. stamp where shown, and enclose with a shilling postal order.

Name
Address

Stick
4d stamp
firmly
here for
return
postage

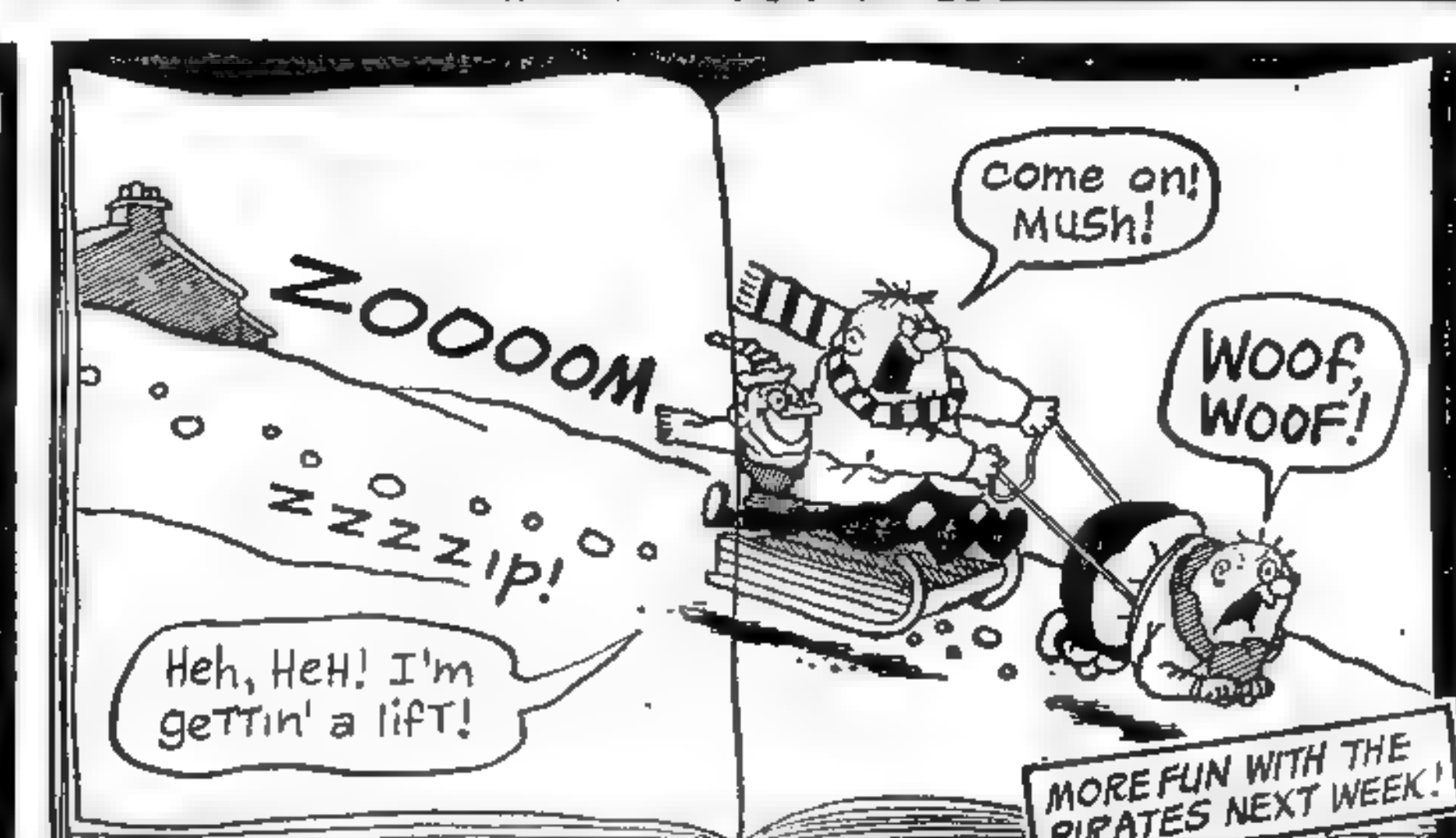
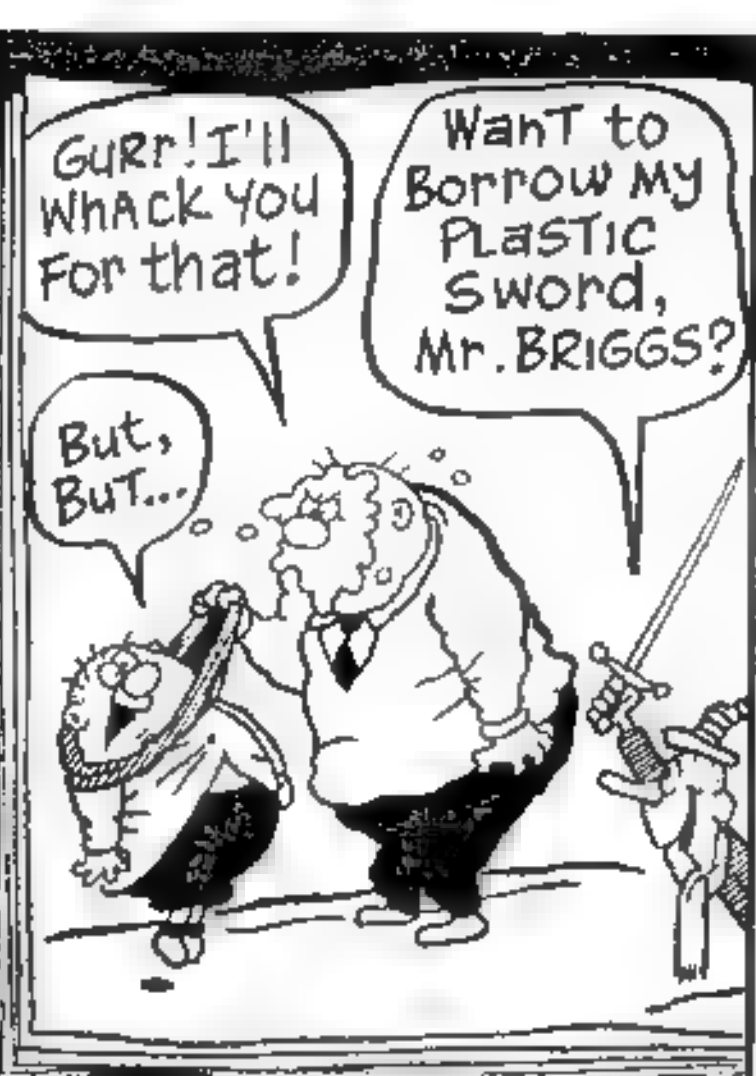
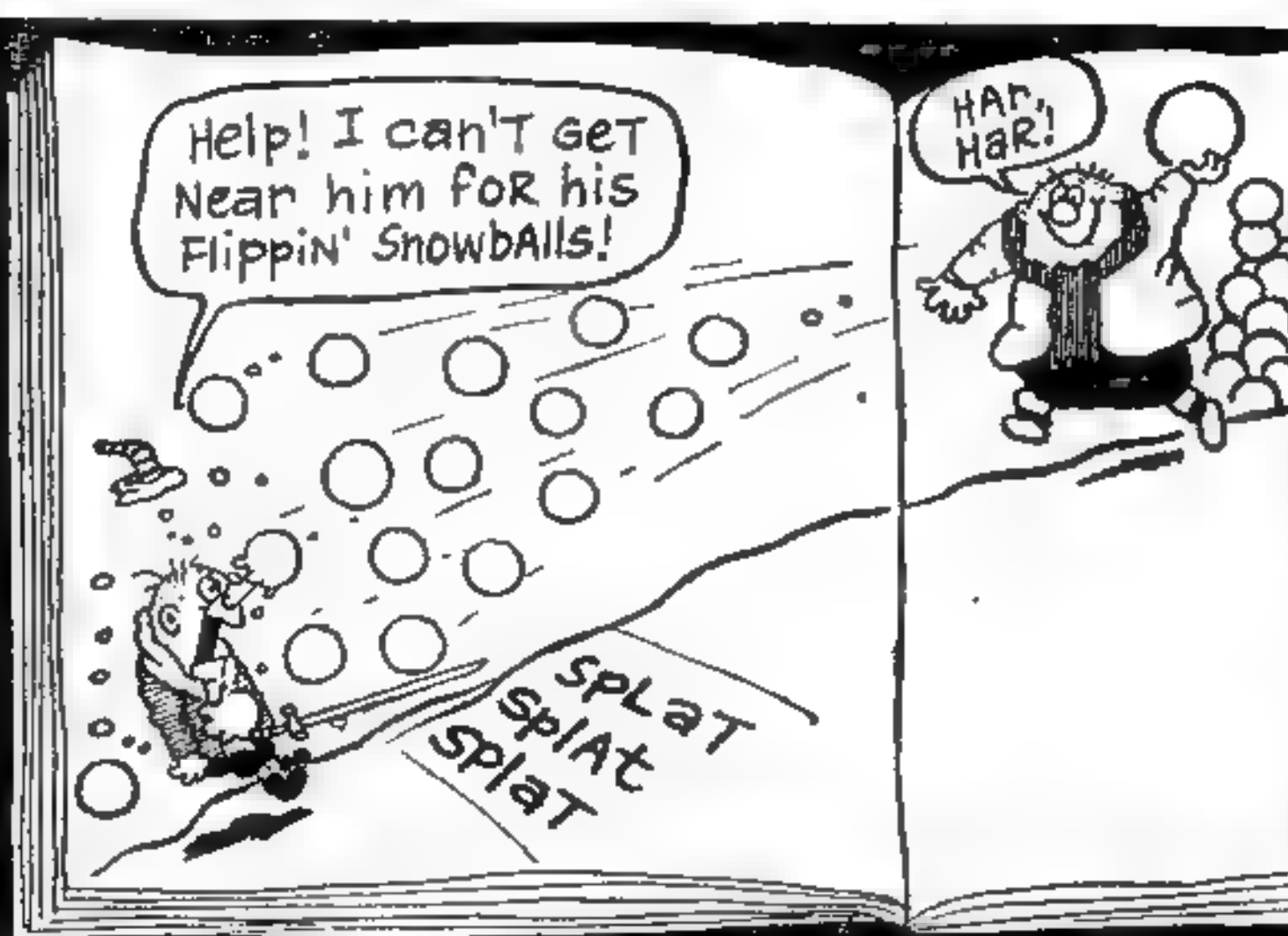
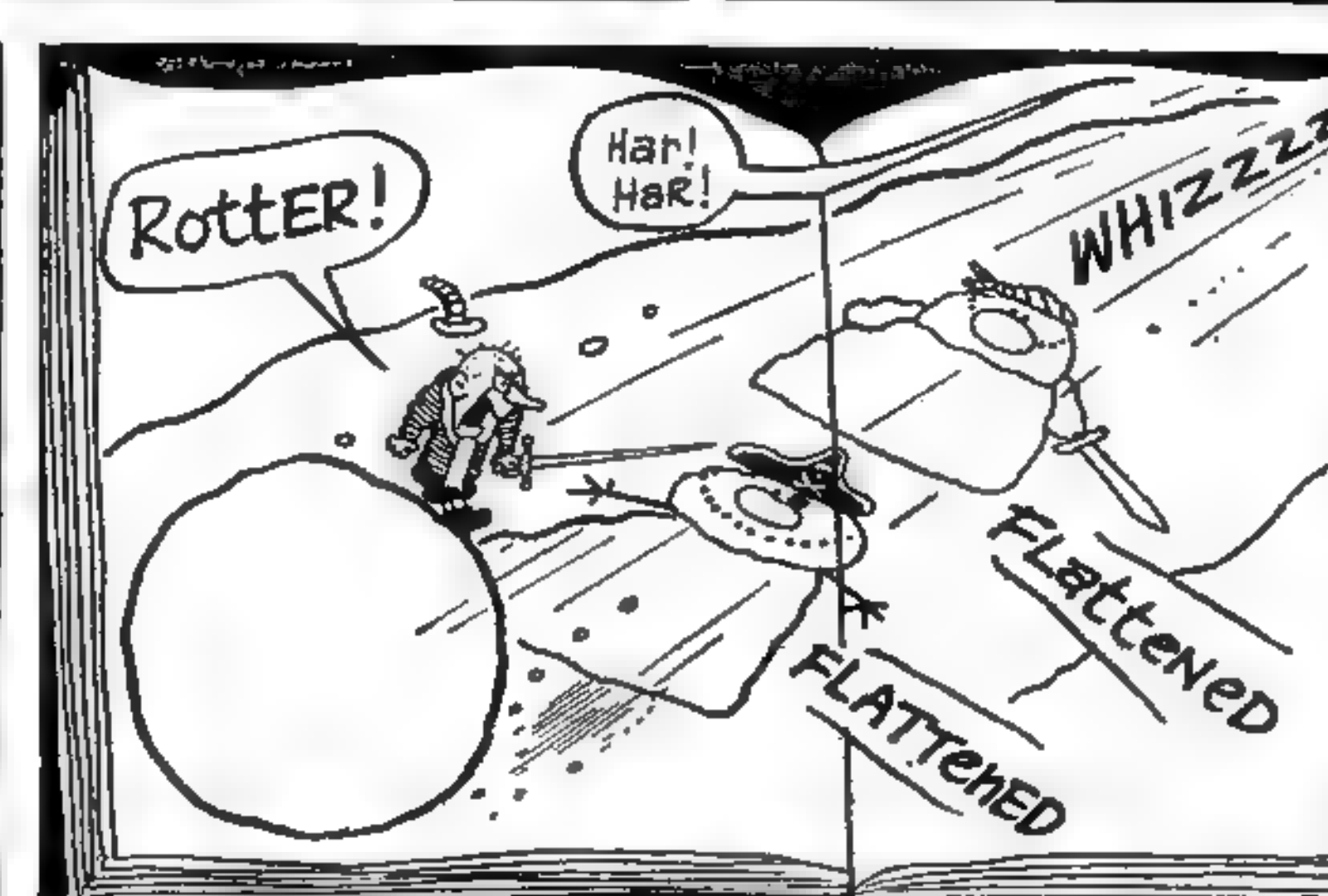
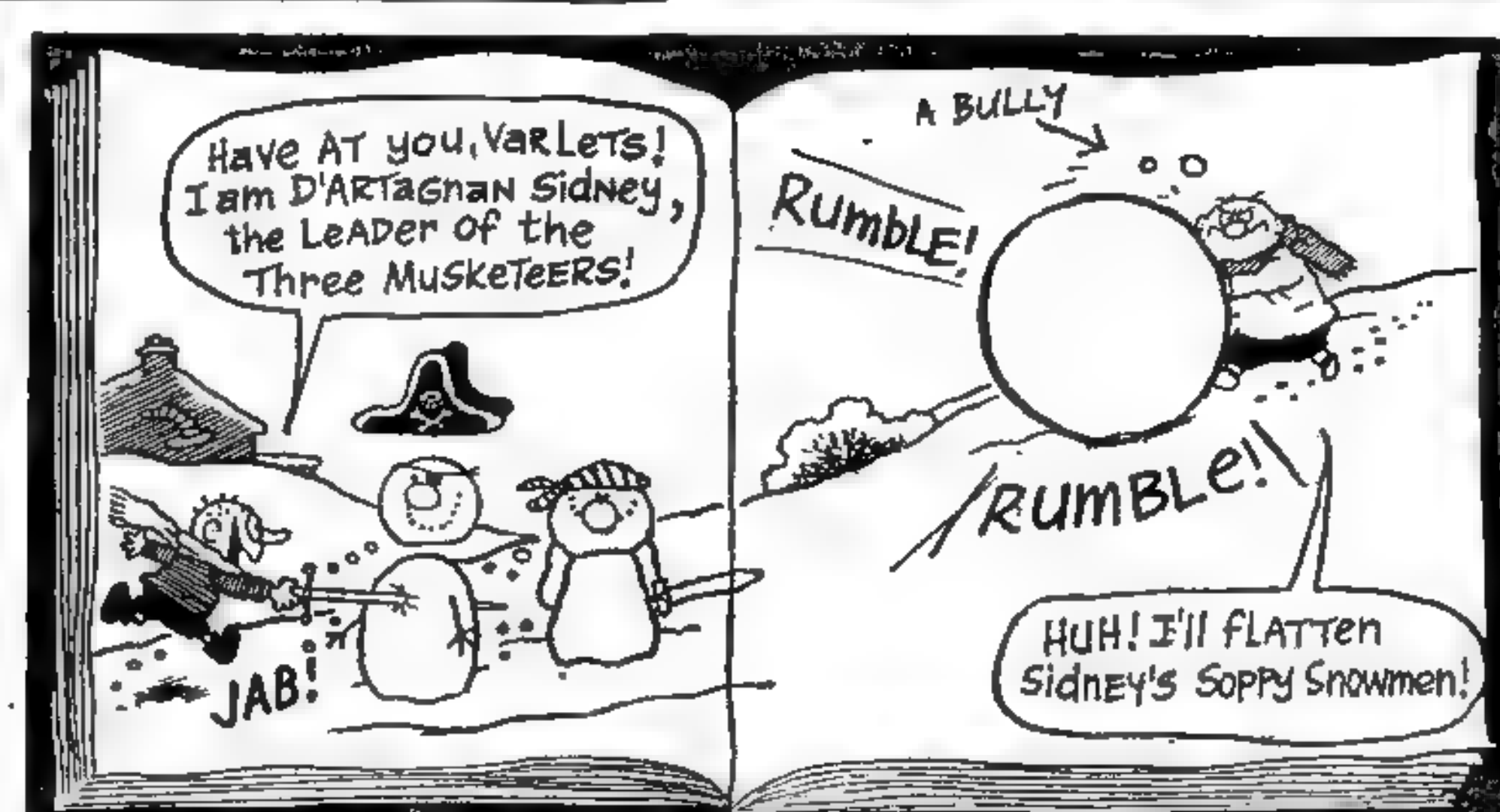
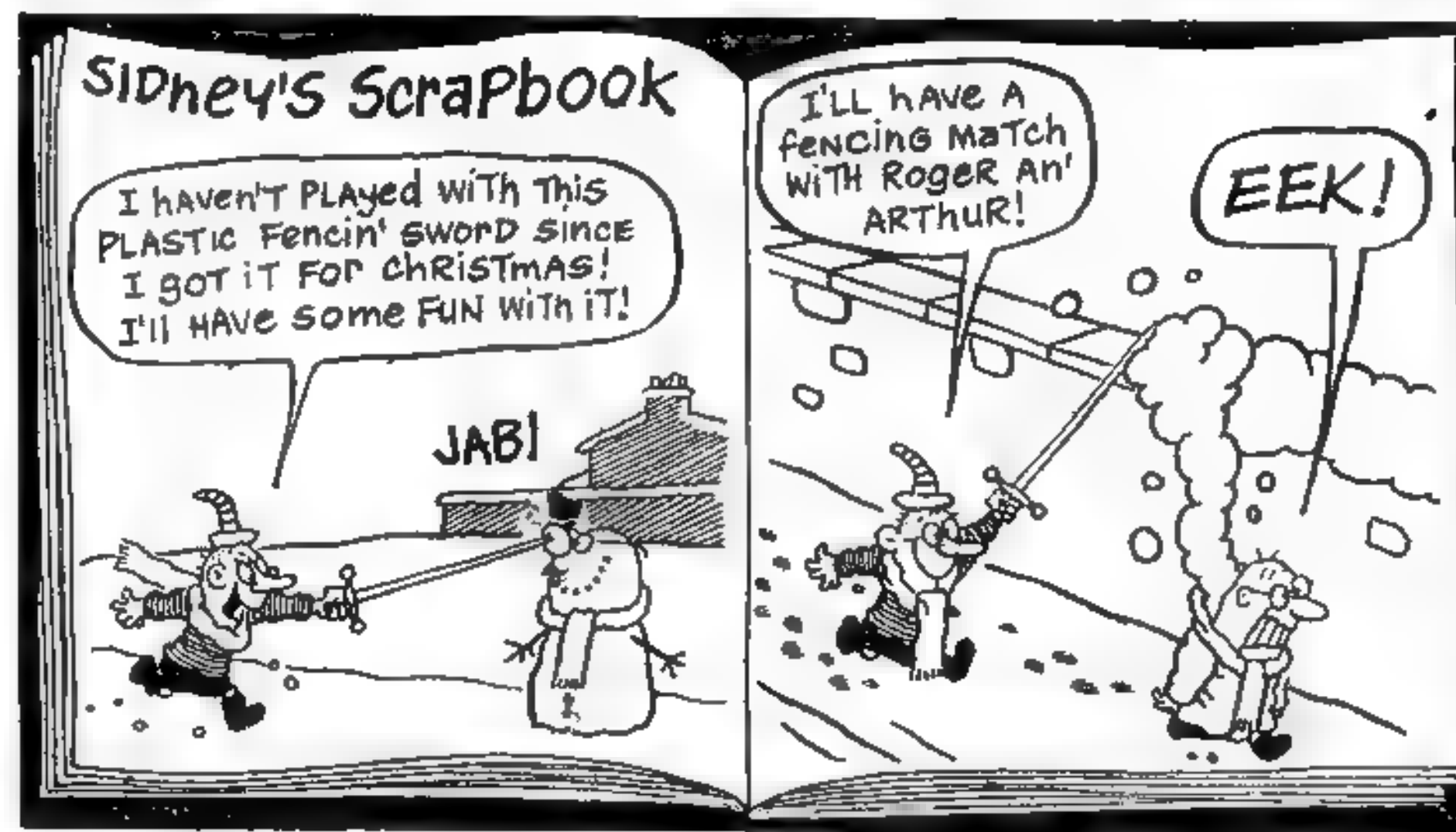
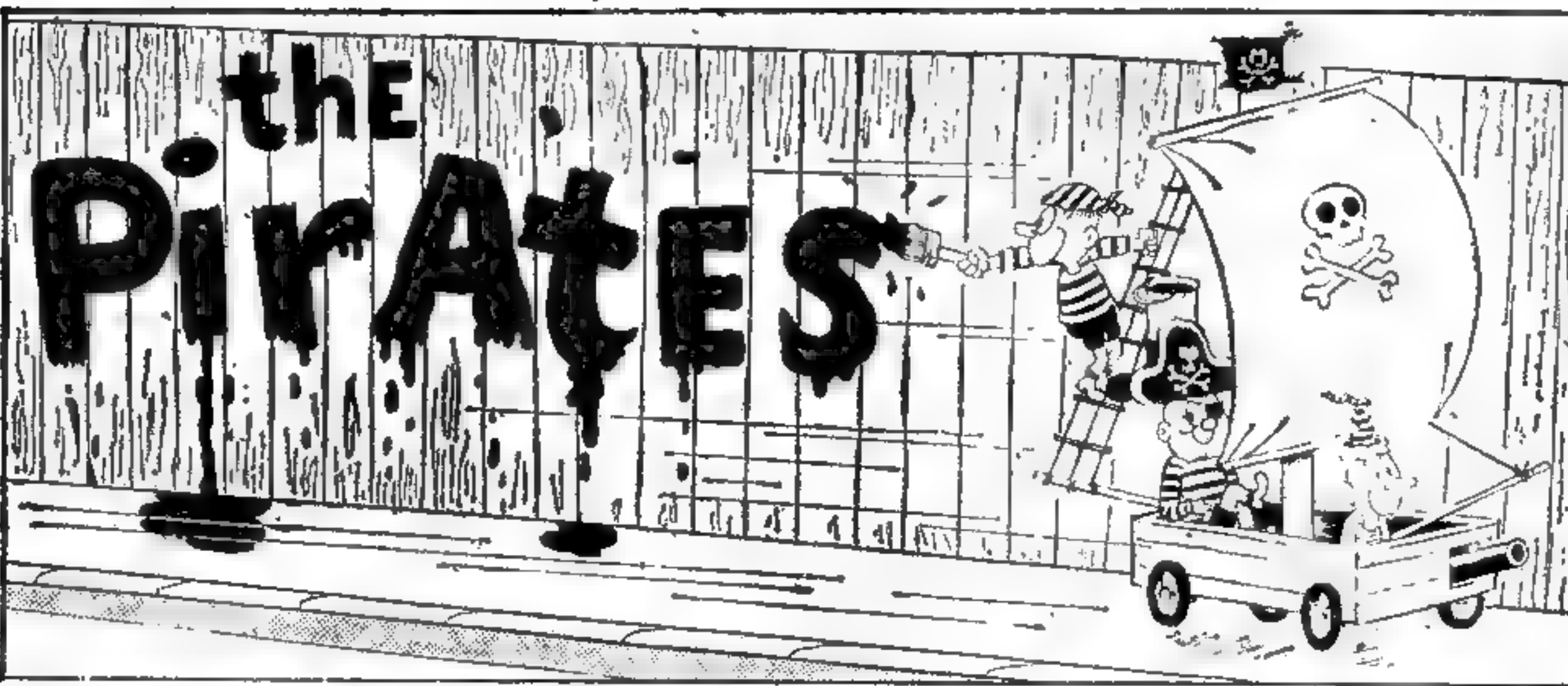
If undelivered please return to
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

NEW READERS, SIGN ON HERE

EVERY week scores of Buster Club members win prizes—for having their birth dates, photos or letters published. YOU don't want to miss these award-winning opportunities or today's exciting competition, so fill in the form on the right and post it off immediately! Write in BLOCK CAPITALS.

Membership is free, but the Club Badge costs a shilling plus postage; to get one, enclose 1s. postal order with the form (Overseas readers must send International Reply Coupons—NOT postal orders) and also complete the return label underneath it. If you don't want a badge, send the top form only!

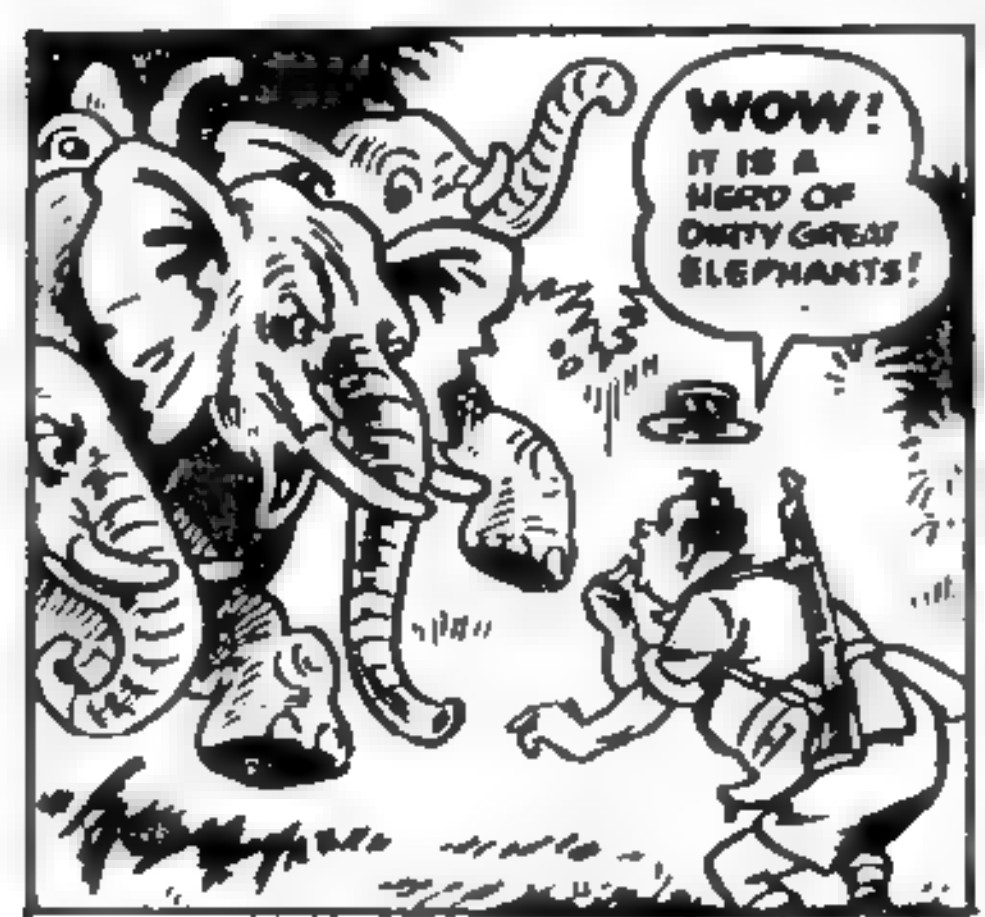
MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.)



MORE FUN WITH THE PIRATES NEXT WEEK!

HARRY'S NOT SUCH A 'BIG NOISE' IN THE JUNGLE—A HERD OF ELEPHANTS SOON SOUNDS HIM OUT!

HARRY SECOMBE



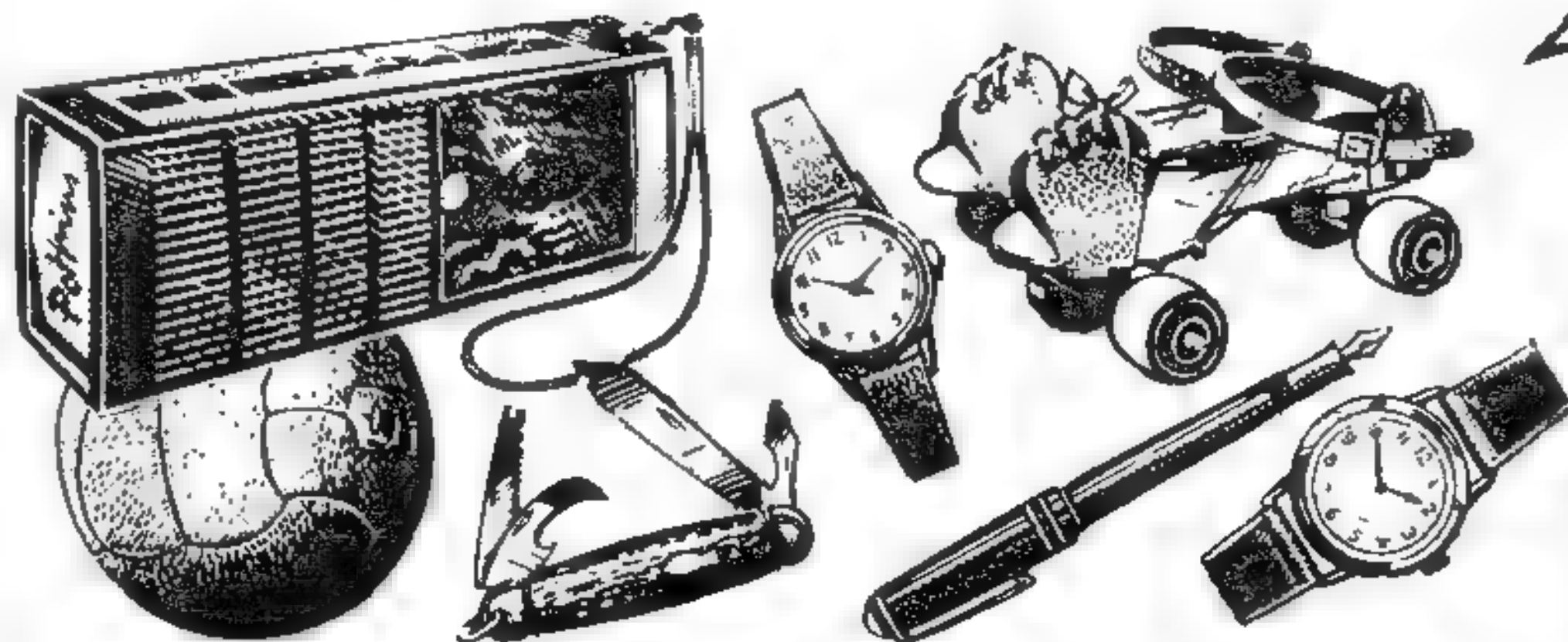
OUR HERO'S A GOOD SPORT, AND HE PROVES IT BY GOING AFTER MORE BIG GAME NEXT WEEK!



LOOK, CHUMS...IT'S TERRIFIC!

1000 PRIZES

SEE WHAT YOU CAN WIN...



FREE!

Portable Radios!
Roller Skates!
Wrist Watches!
Footballs and Netballs!
Pocket Knives!
Fountain Pens!

IN AN EASY COMPETITION STARTING NEXT WEEK!

**MEET ACE TV DETECTIVE SEXTON BLAKE
AND HIS YOUNG COCKNEY ASSISTANT TINKER!**



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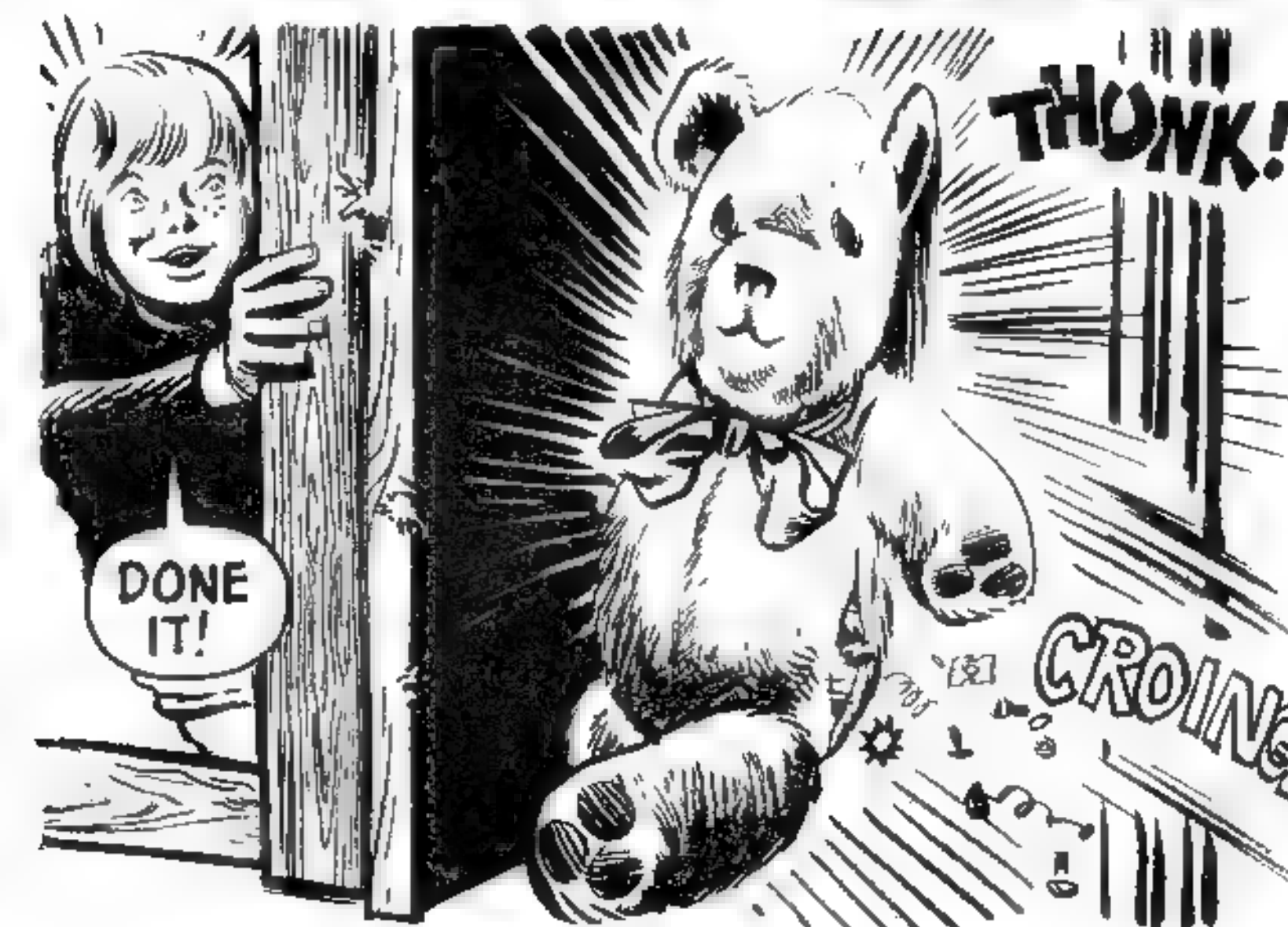
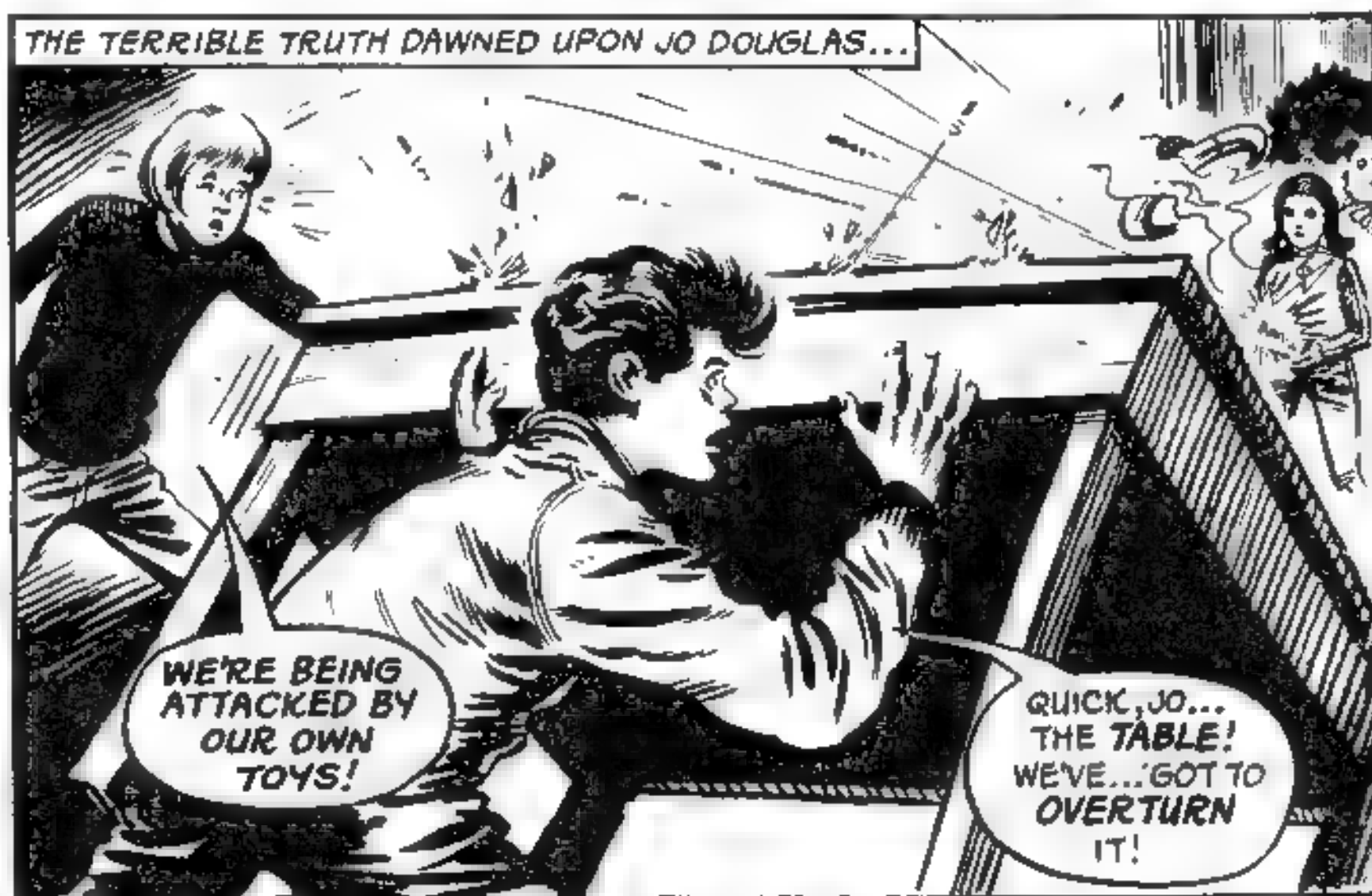
Ask at your local Sports or Toy Shop or Departmental Store. In case of difficulty, write for List of Stockists, to:—

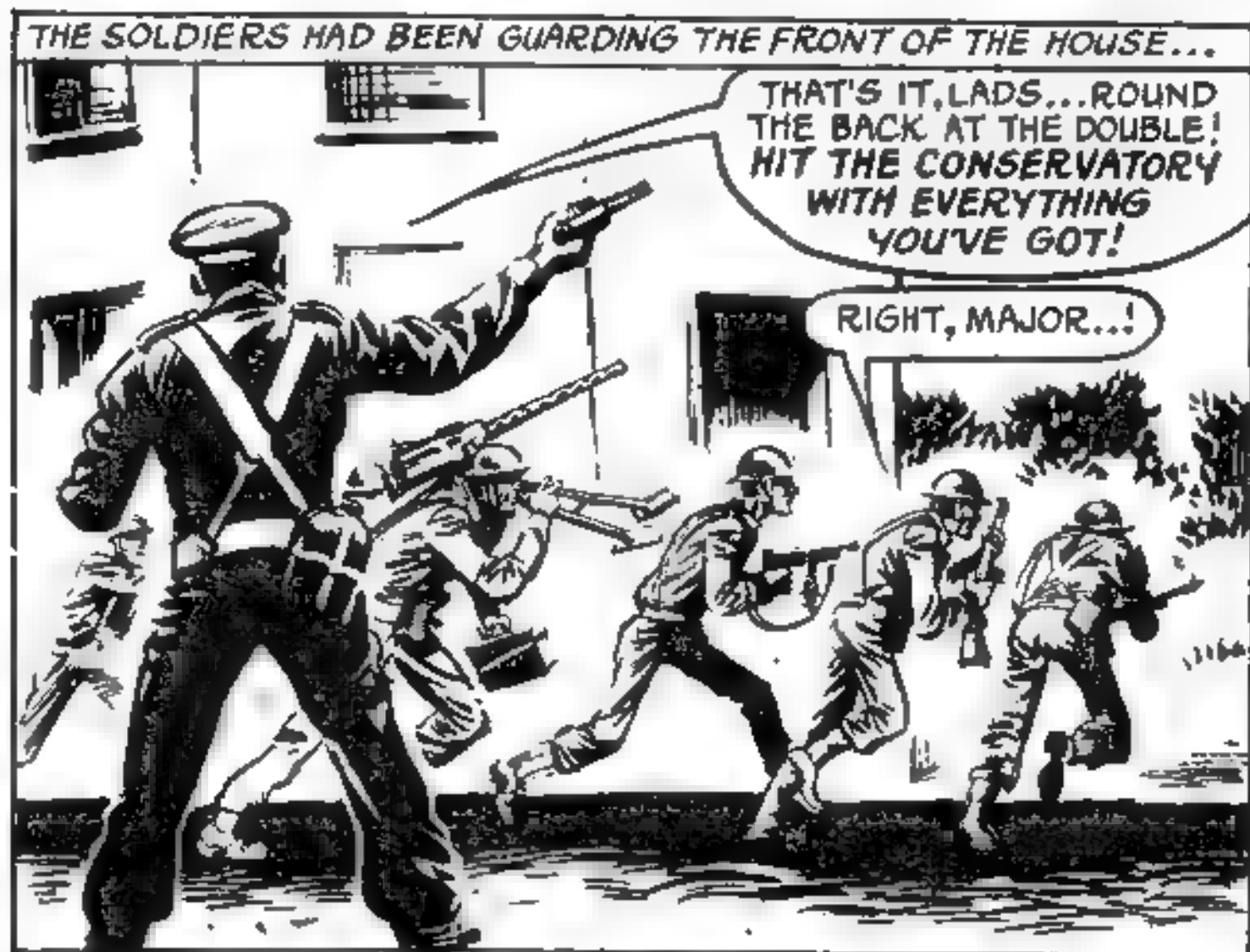
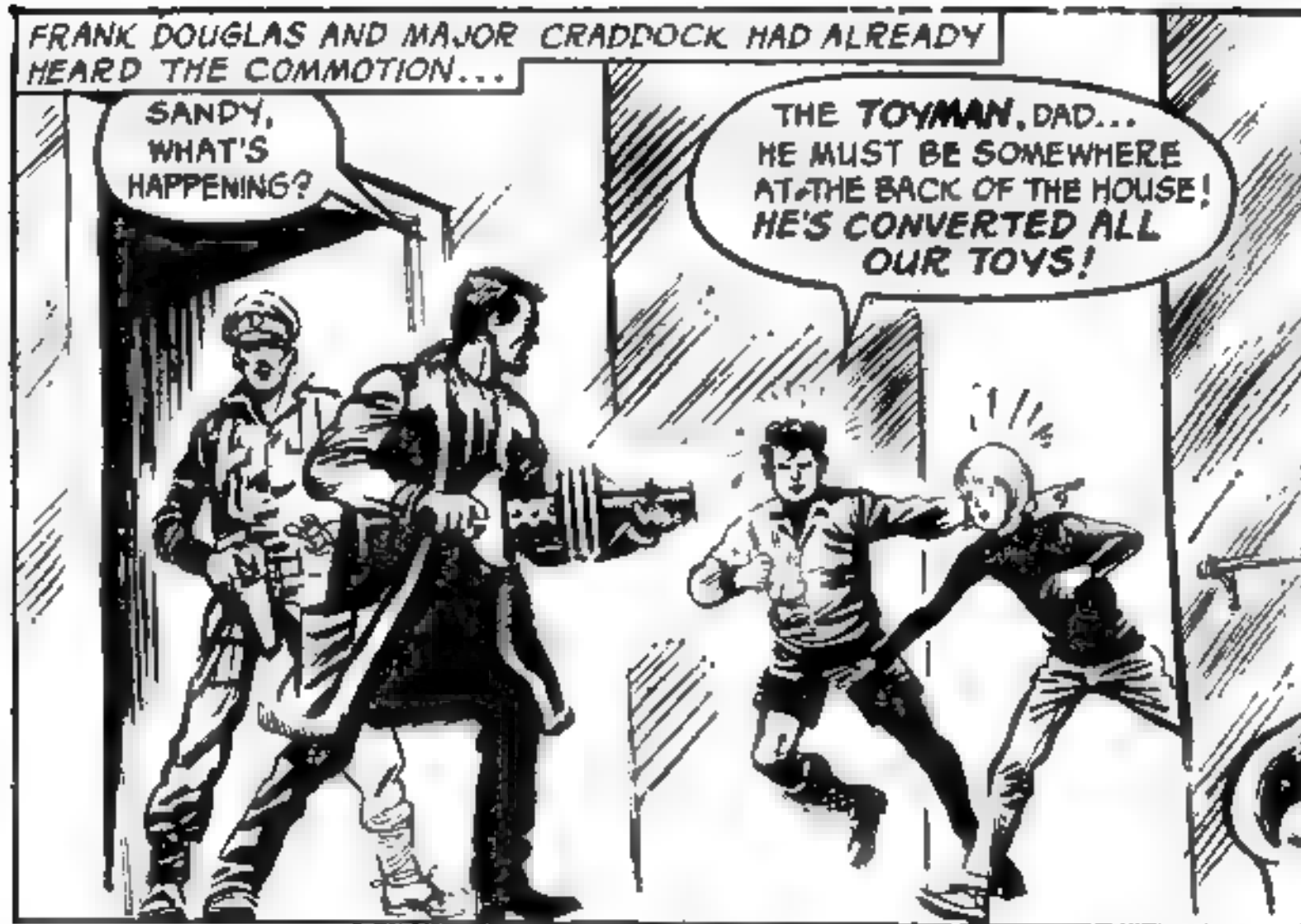
SUBBUTEO

Dept. C12 Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

TOYS OF DOOM

Jo and Sandy Douglas, and their scientist father, had destroyed the Toyman's army with an ultra-violet ray-gun, and almost trapped the scheming genius in an abandoned funfair. But the Toyman escaped after damaging the ray-gun, and reached the Douglas's home before them. On their arrival, Jo and Sandy prepared a meal in the kitchen, but an explosion suddenly shattered the conservatory door...

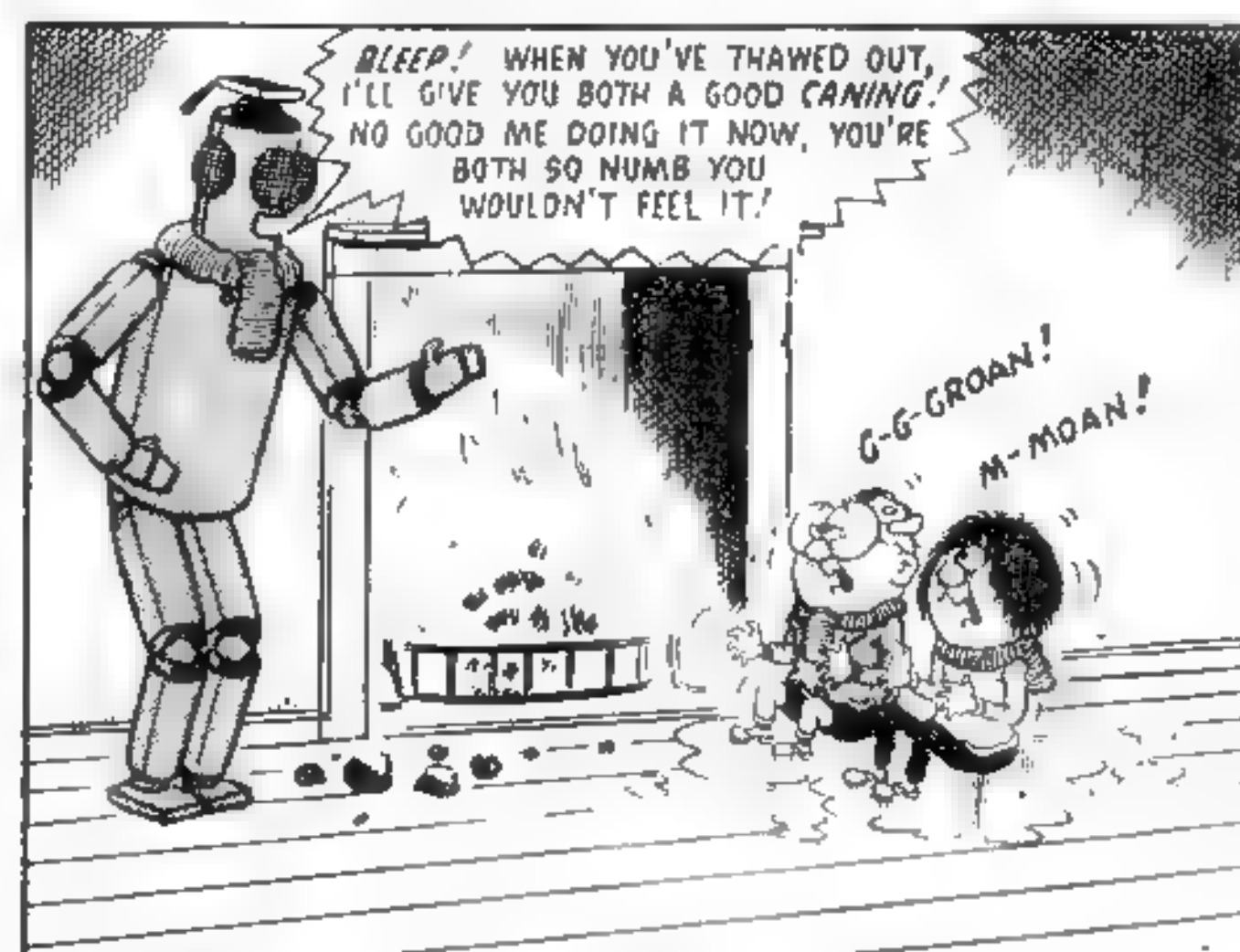
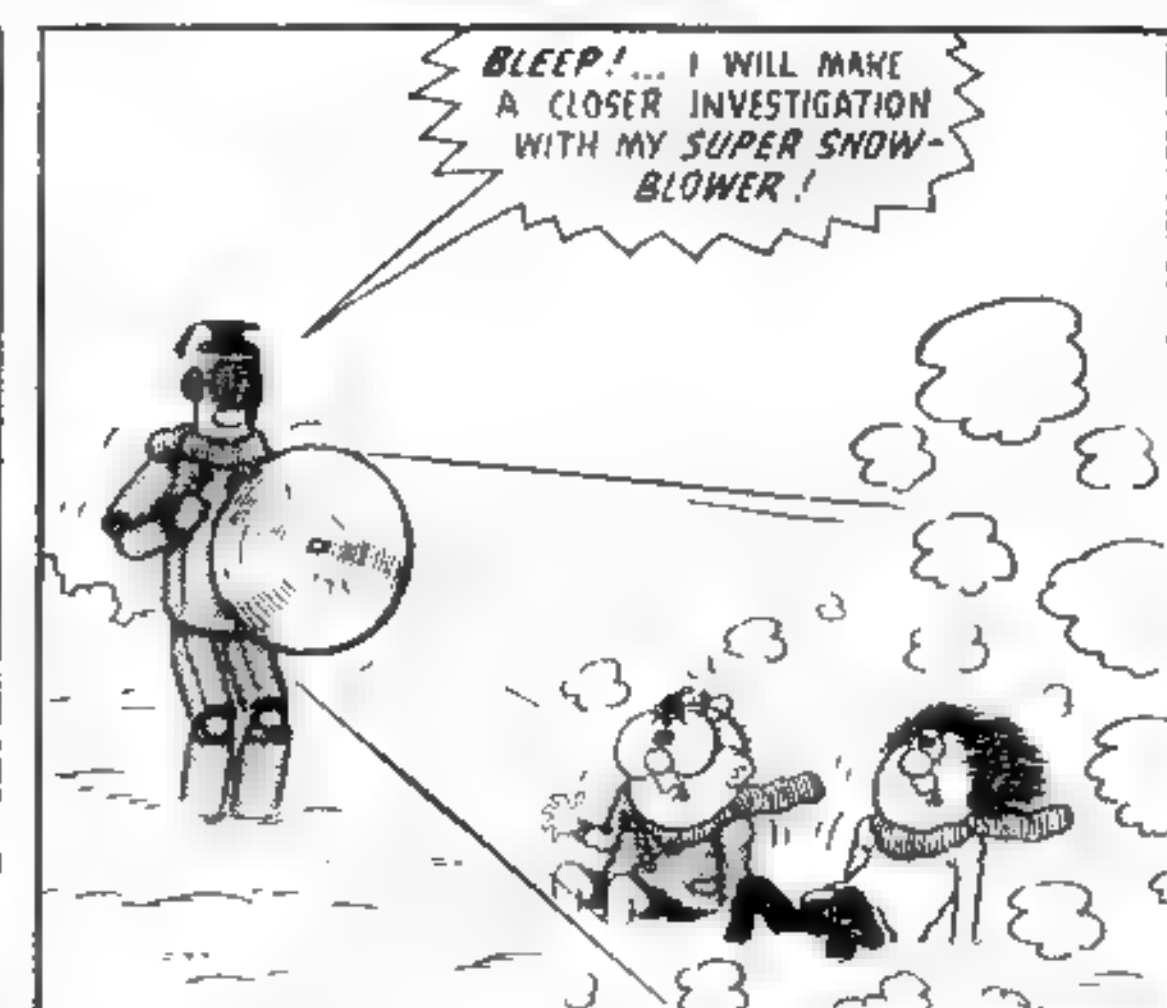
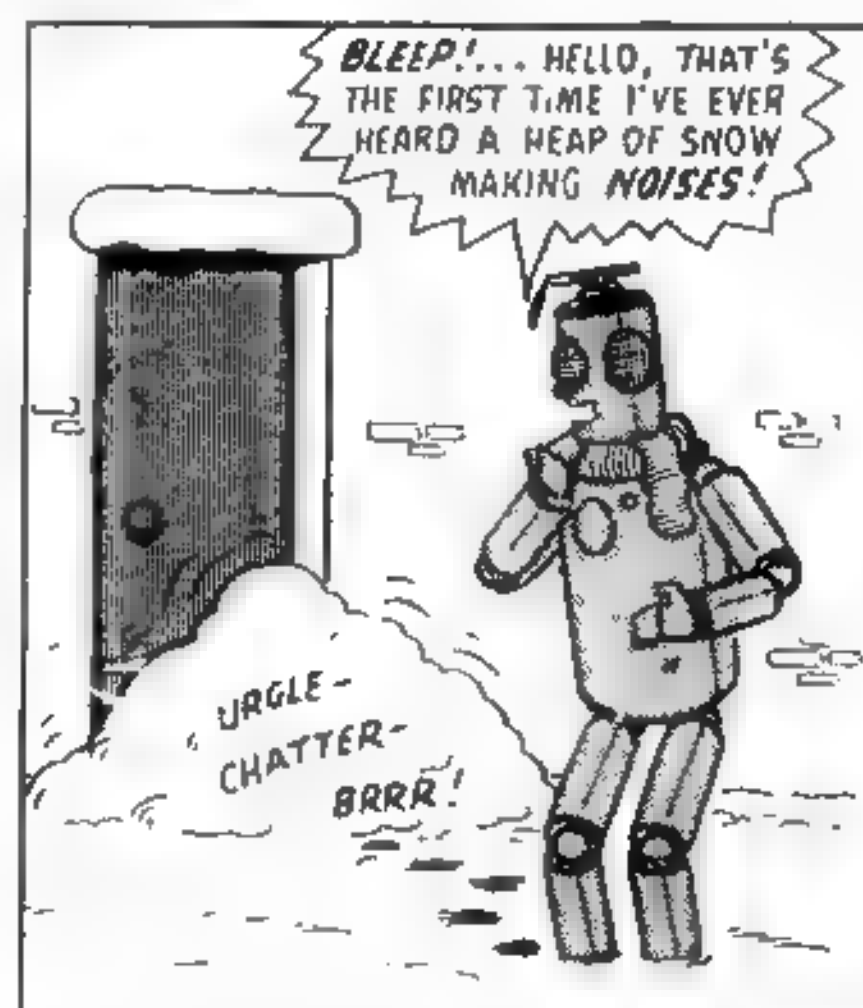
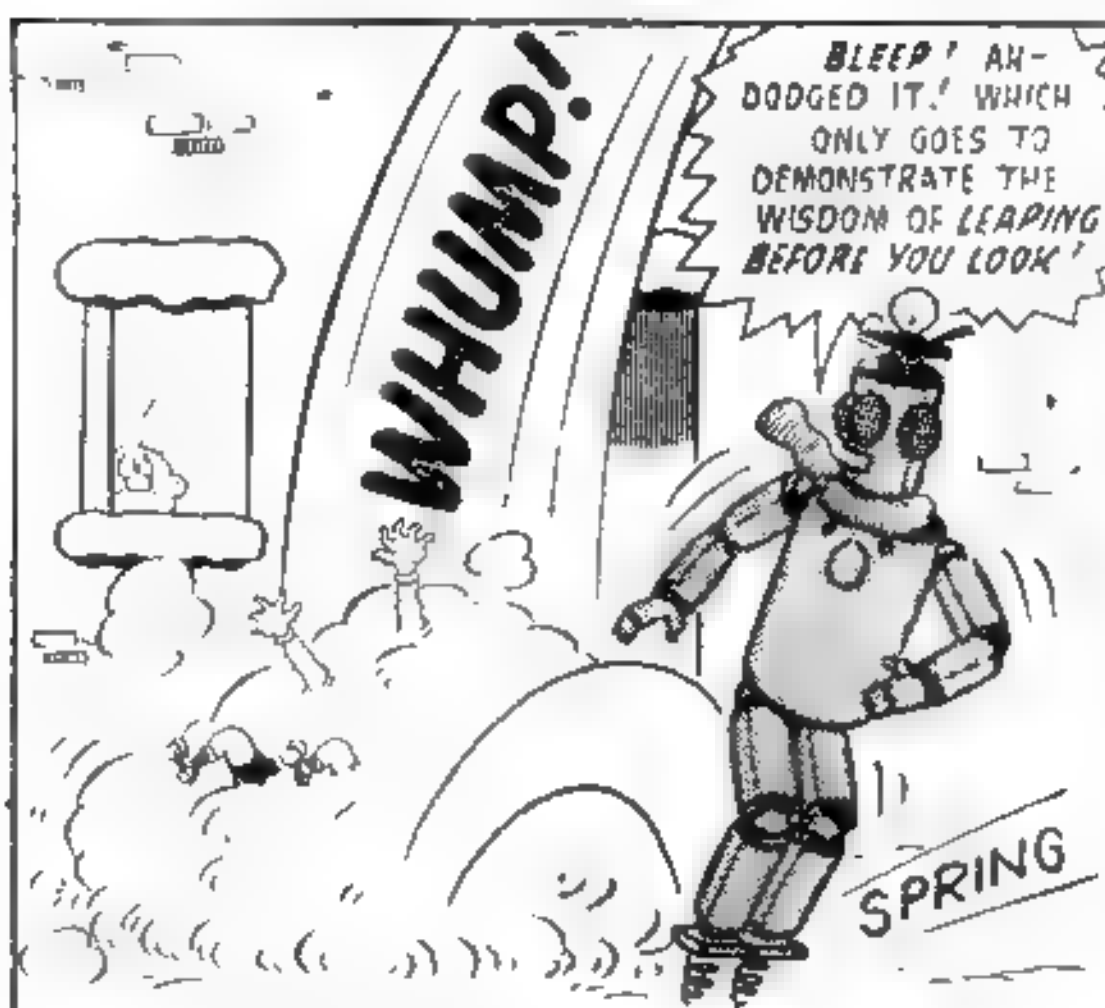
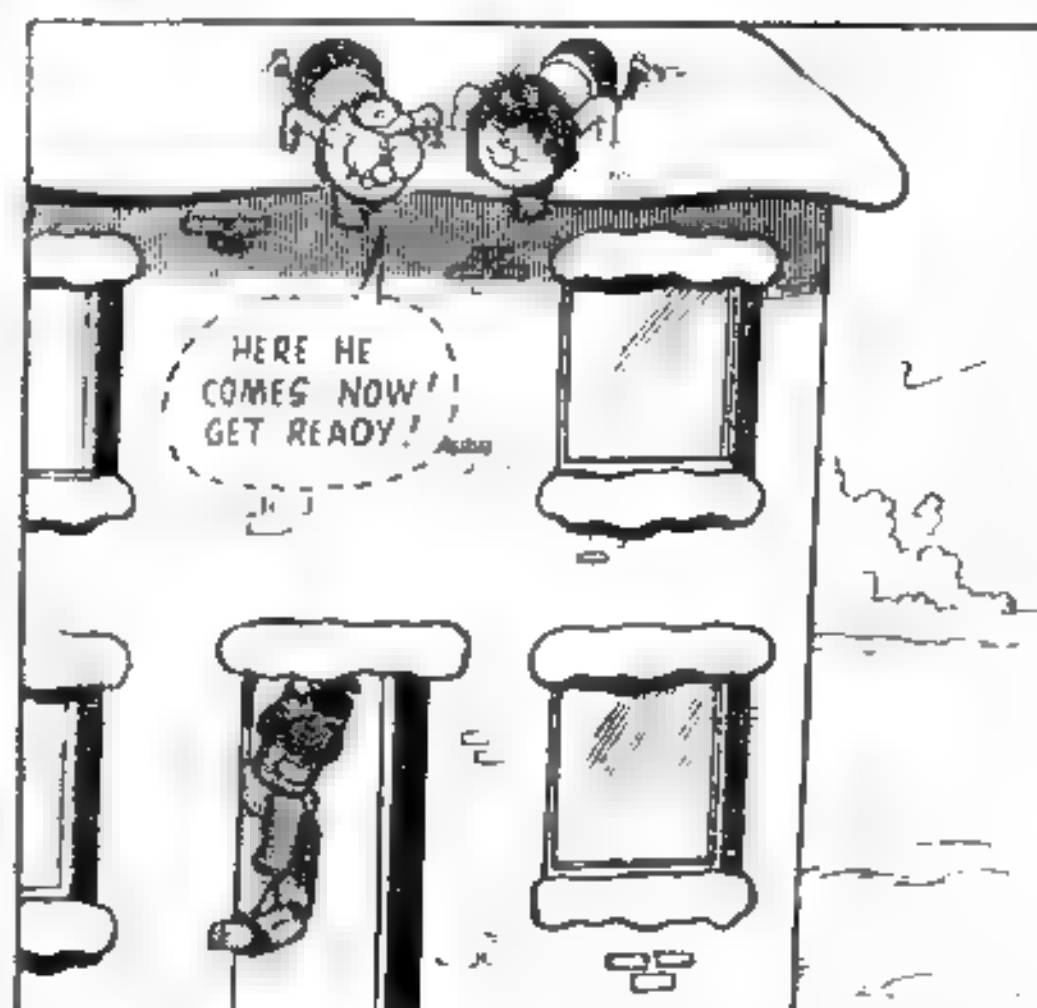
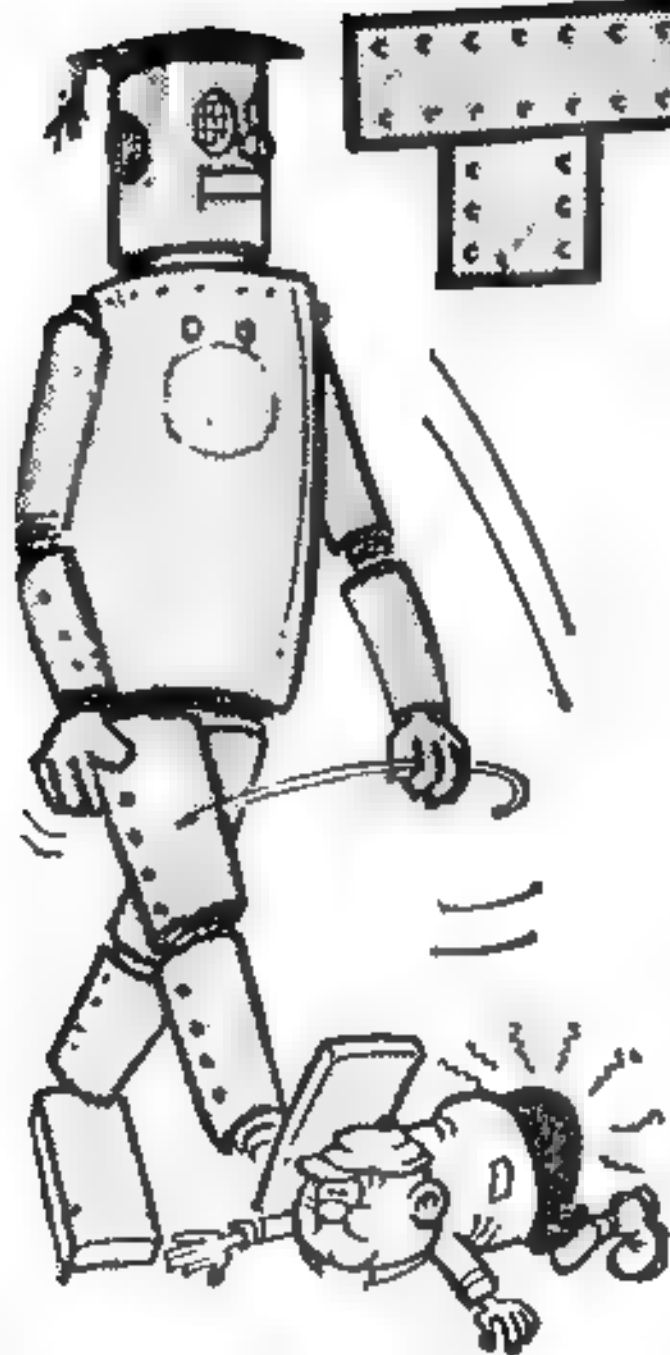




TODAY'S PLOT IS A BIT OF A COME-DOWN FOR THE LADS!

T-O-P

TEACHER



A METAL GLOBE HELPS T-T PROVE HE'S A MAN OF THE WORLD NEXT WEEK!

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from U.K.
residents
only.*

Royal Navy



THUNDERBOLT

THE AVENGER

PC Mick Riley possessed a wrist-watch that gave him super powers. The young policeman had escorted Jacob Skratz, an international criminal, back to his own country of Dachenstein, when suddenly a truck whisked them off...



JACOB SKRATZ'S PARTNERS IN CRIME WERE JUBILANT...

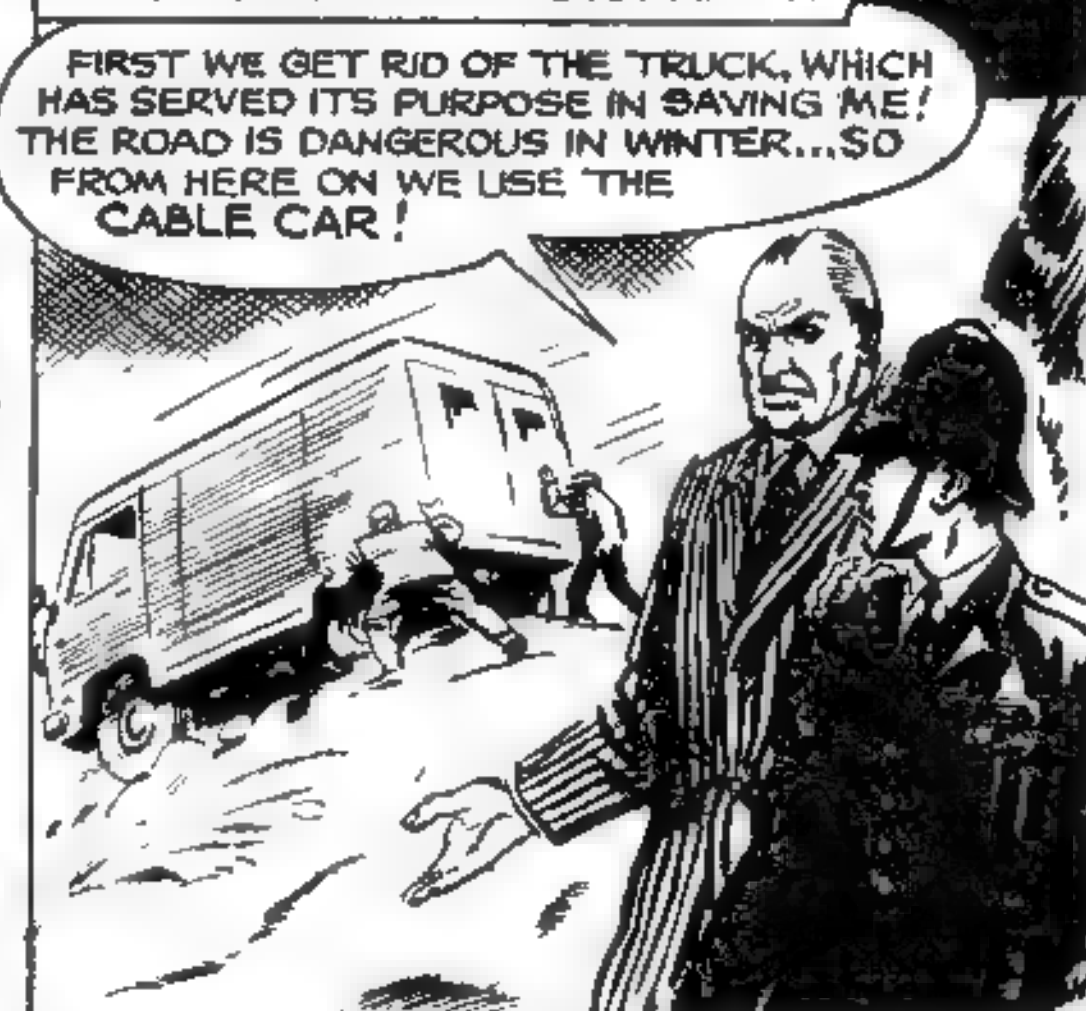
INSIDE THE VAN, JACOB SKRATZ UNLOCKED THE HANDCUFFS WHICH HAD LINKED HIM TO PC MICK RILEY...



BUT AS THE TRUCK SPED UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS, MICK KNEW HELP WAS FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY...



THE YOUNG POLICE OFFICER WAS BUNDLED OUT INTO THE ICY AIR...



HIGHER AND HIGHER SOARED THE COMPACT CABIN...



AT LAST - HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...

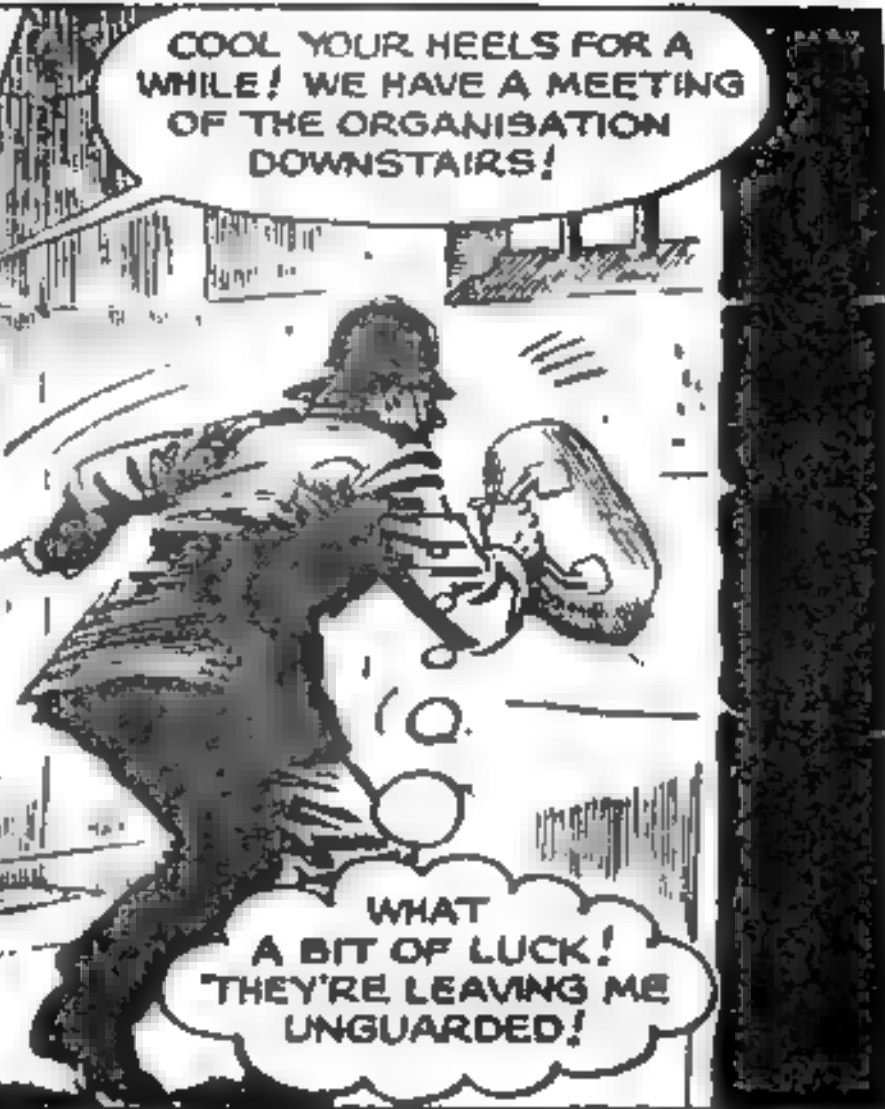




LOOK THE CONSPIRACY IN A TOP ROOM! HE WILL REALISE ESCAPE IS NOT POSSIBLE! MAYBE HE WILL PROVE USEFUL TO US SOMETIME - AS A HOSTAGE!



THROWN INTO A CELL-LIKE ROOM, MICK RILEY WOULD HAVE BEEN IN DESPAIR BUT FOR ONE THING...



COOL YOUR HEELS FOR A WHILE! WE HAVE A MEETING OF THE ORGANISATION DOWNSTAIRS!

WHAT A BIT OF LUCK! THEY'RE LEAVING ME UNGUARD!



THE CELL DOOR SLAMMED SHUT, AND MICK GLANCED AT HIS WONDER WATCH...

ESCAPE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYBODY BUT THUNDERBOLT! IT'S COMING UP TO TWENTY-FOUR HOURS SINCE I LAST USED THE POWER OF THE WATCH. SOON IT'LL BE RECHARGED AND I'LL BE ABLE TO SWITCH ON AGAIN!

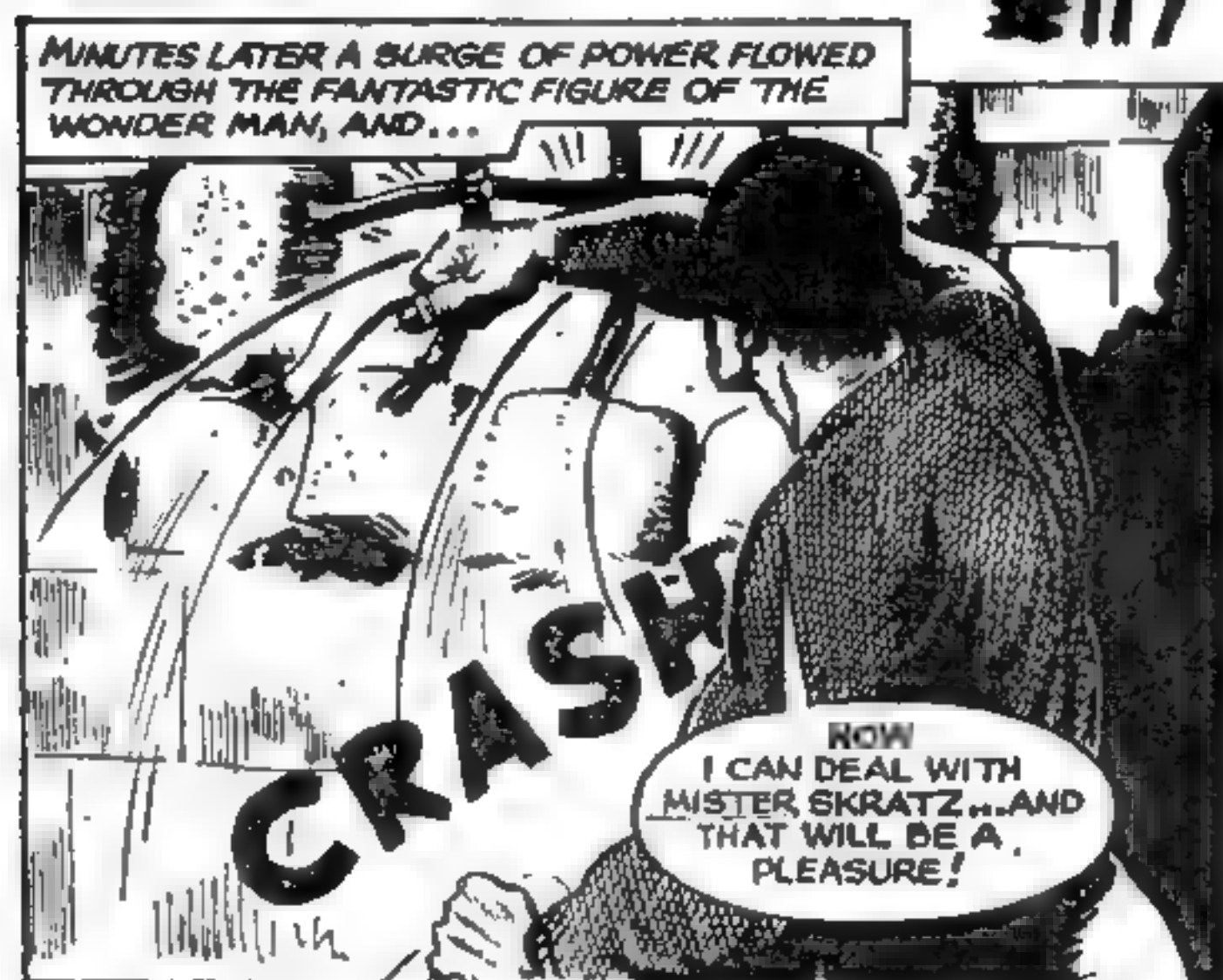


I SEE WHY SKRATZ IS SO SURE I'M TRAPPED! BUT IT SHOULD BE NO OBSTACLE TO THE MAN MARVEL!



MICK CHANGED QUICKLY INTO HIS THUNDERBOLT OUTFIT...

I MUST REMEMBER TO TAKE THE BAG WITH MY POLICE UNIFORM IN IT! I'VE A FEELING I WON'T BE RETURNING TO THIS CELL!



MINUTES LATER A SURGE OF POWER FLOWED THROUGH THE FANTASTIC FIGURE OF THE WONDER MAN, AND...

CRASH!

NOW I CAN DEAL WITH MISTER SKRATZ...AND THAT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



I MADE MY MOVE AT THE RIGHT MOMENT! I'M SURE I JUST HEARD A MOVEMENT IN THE CORRIDOR BEYOND THE CELL DOOR...



HE WAS RIGHT!

HE'S GONE! BY THUNDER, THE FOOL MUST HAVE TRIED TO CLIMB OUT AND FALLEN TO HIS DOOM!

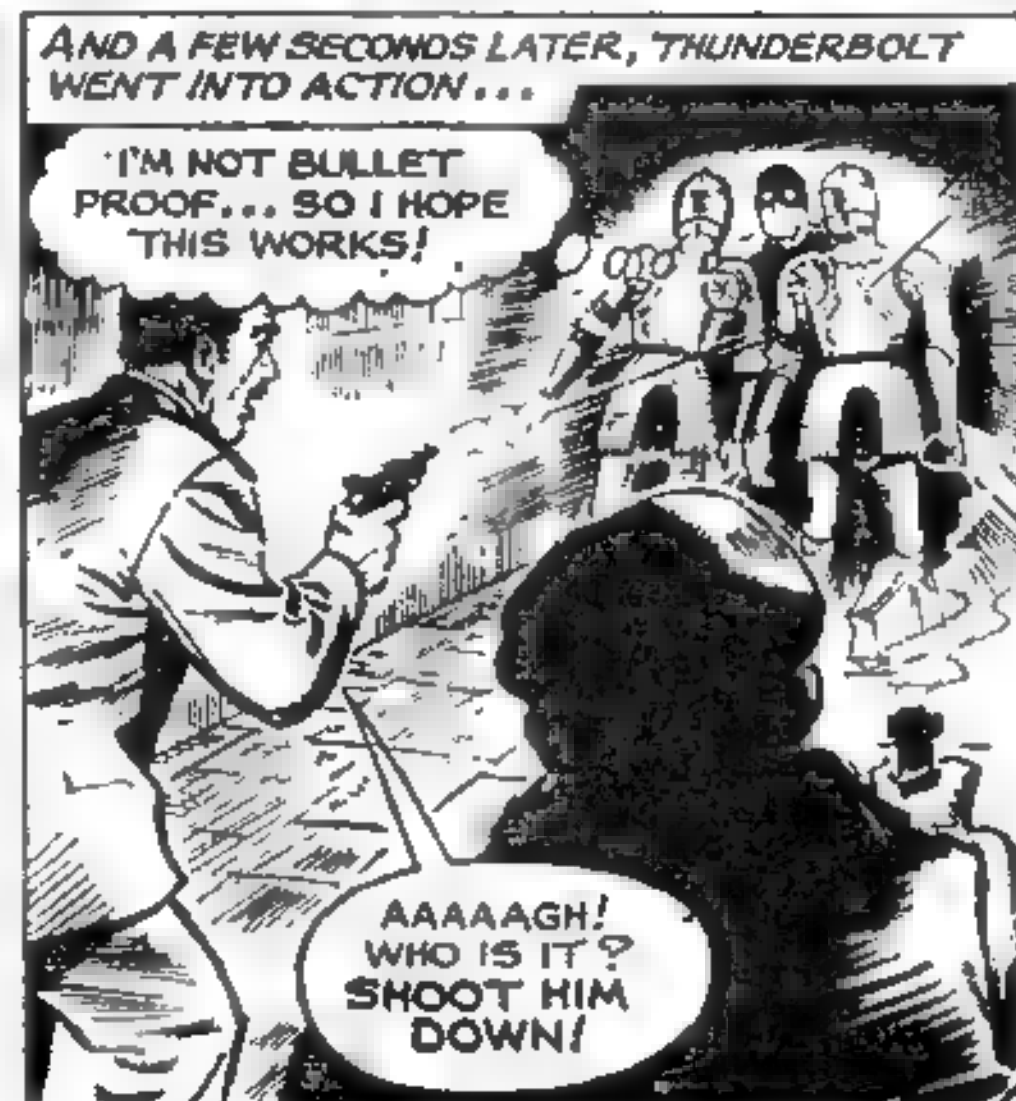
BUT - BUT HOW DID HE BREAK THROUGH? IT'S UNCANNY!



ABOVE, THUNDERBOLT HEARD ALL...

HUH-HE'S NO LOSS ANYWAY! I FELT THE BOSS WAS WRONG IN BRINGING HIM HERE - DESPITE HIS PLAN!

YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE, GENTLEMEN!

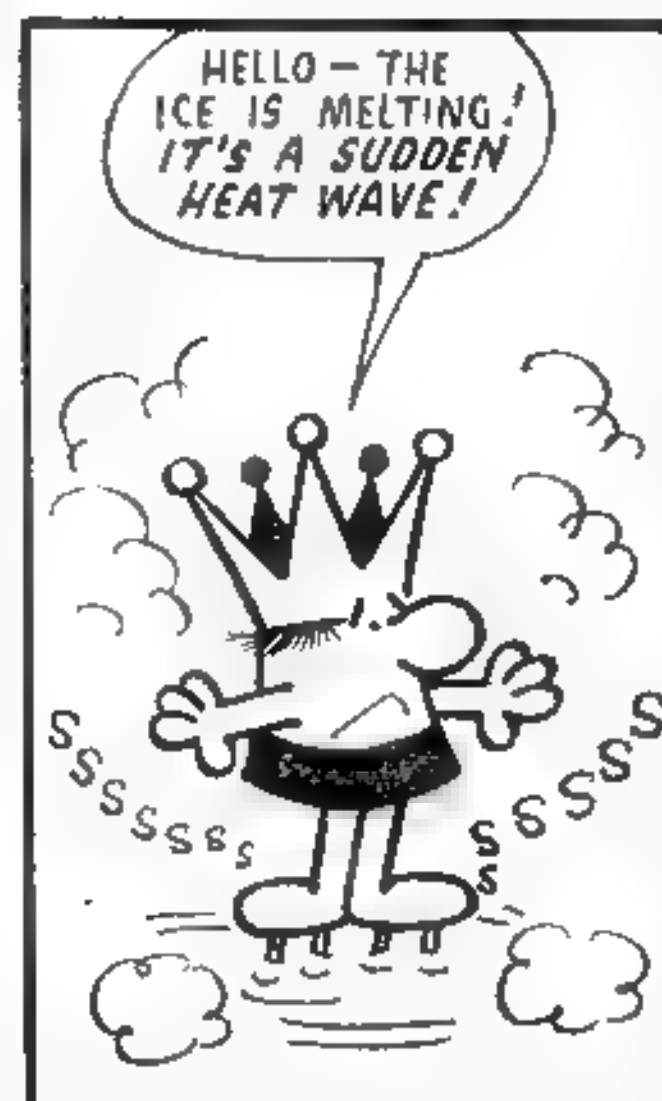
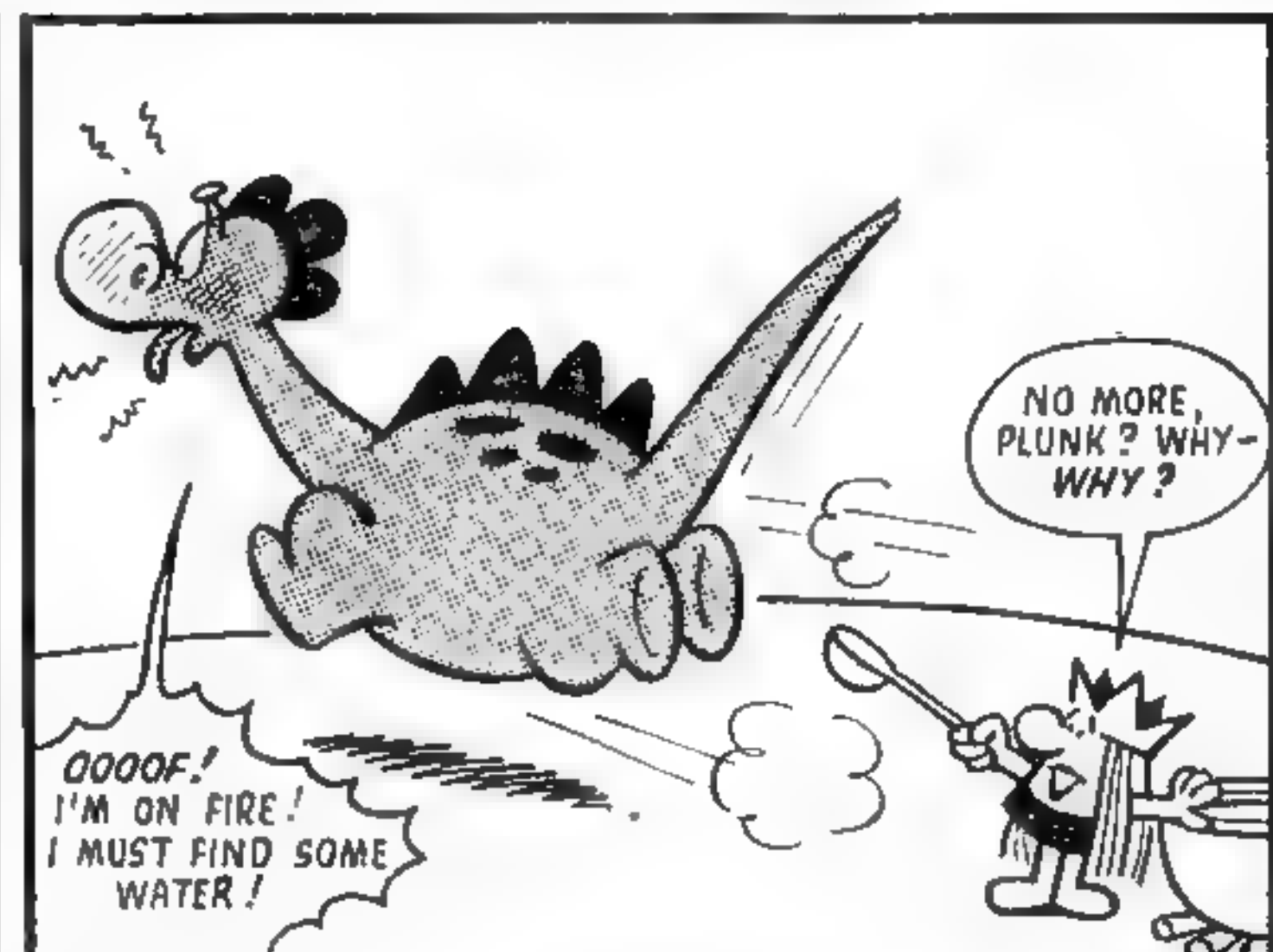
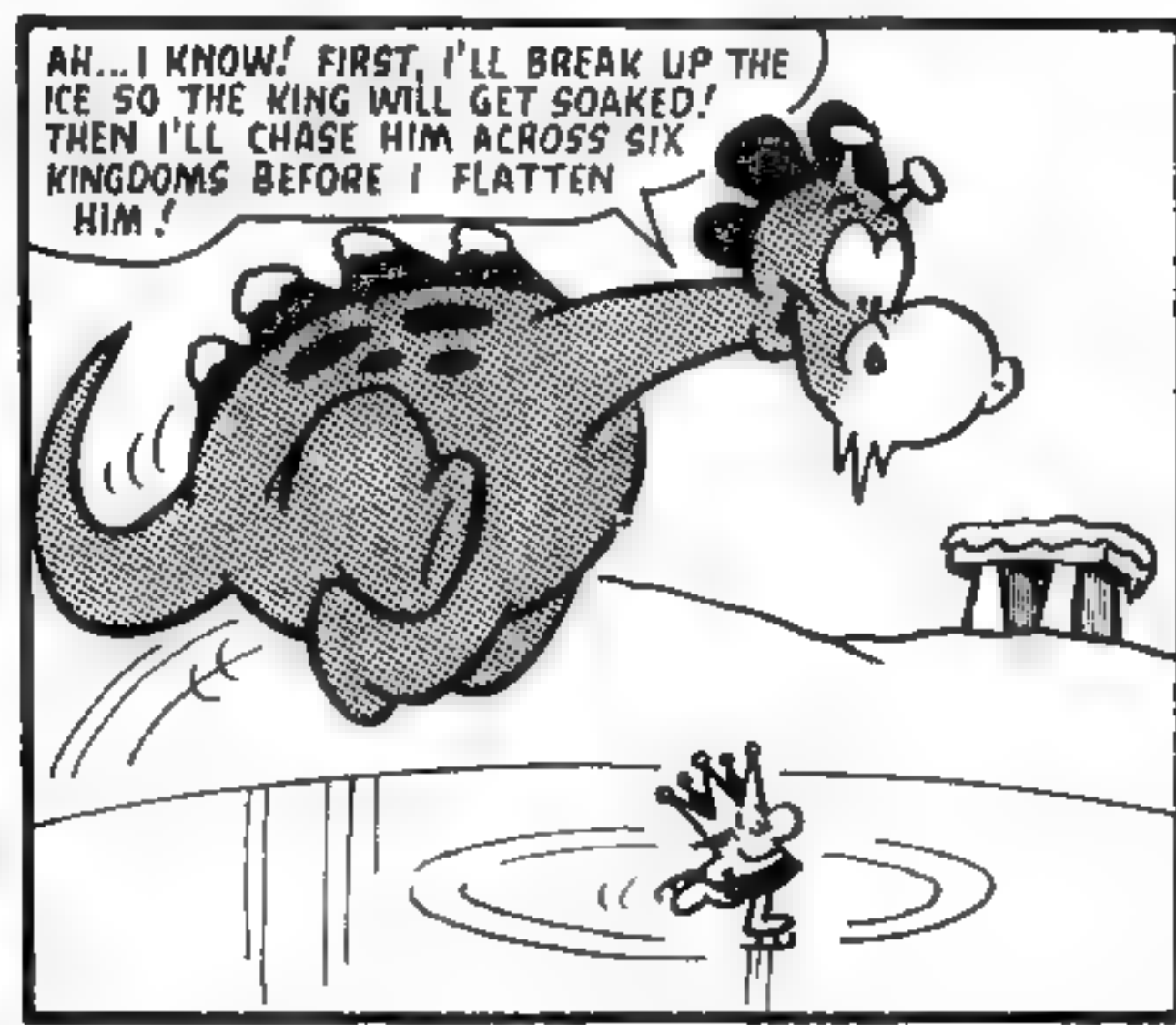
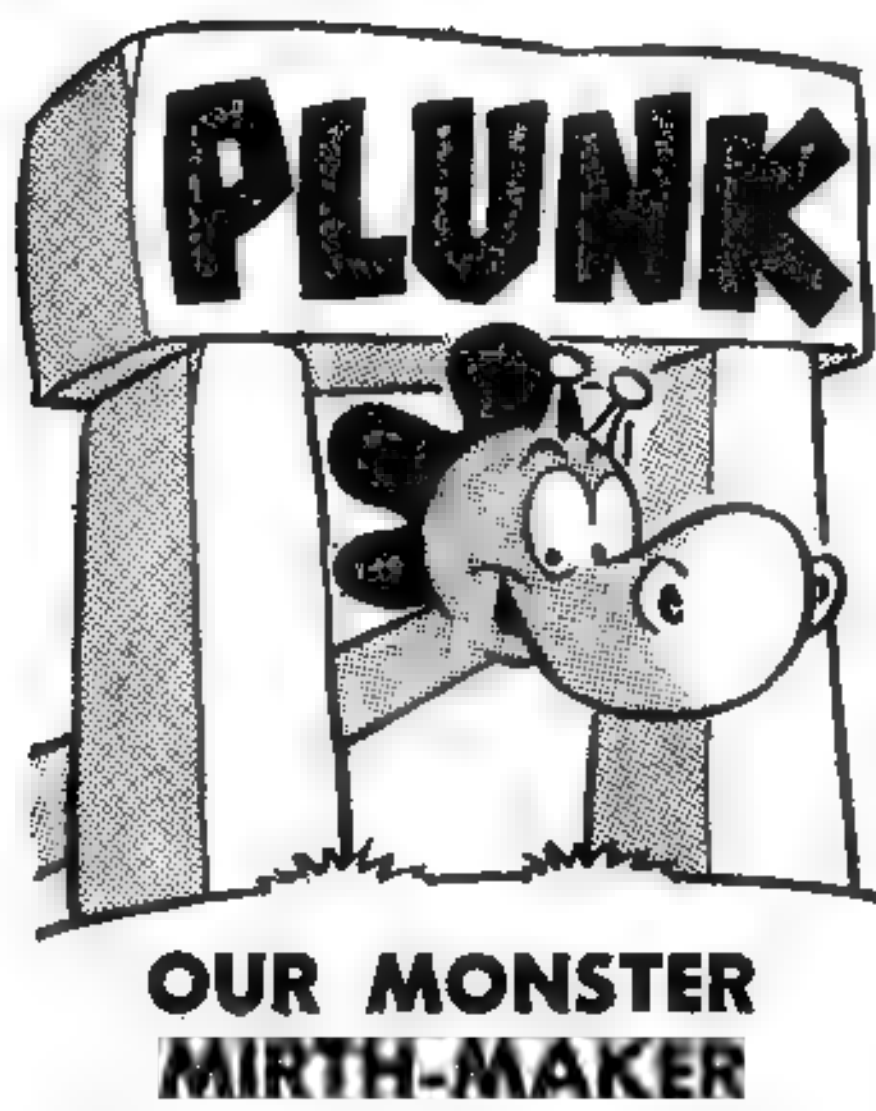


AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, THUNDERBOLT WENT INTO ACTION...

I'M NOT BULLET PROOF... SO I HOPE THIS WORKS!

AAAAAGH! WHO IS IT? SHOOT HIM DOWN!

DON'T MISS THE CONTINUATION OF THIS PICTURE-STORY—OR THE SUPER COMPETITION—NEXT WEEK!



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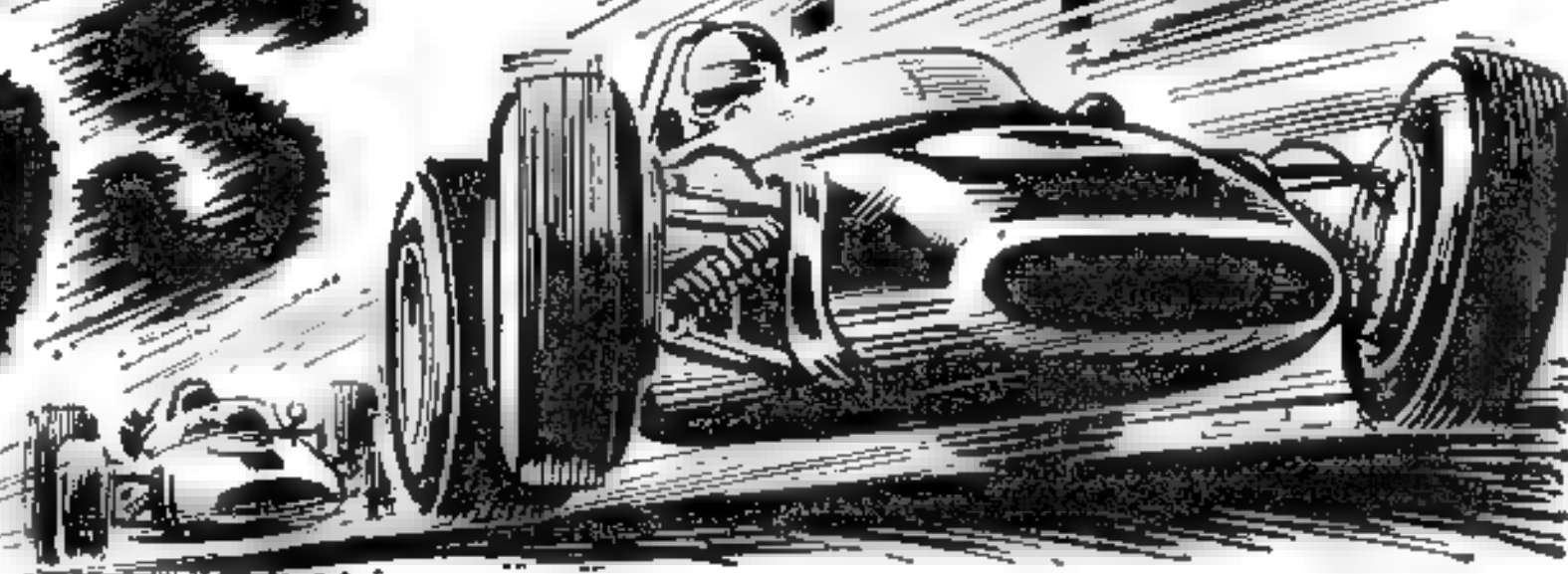
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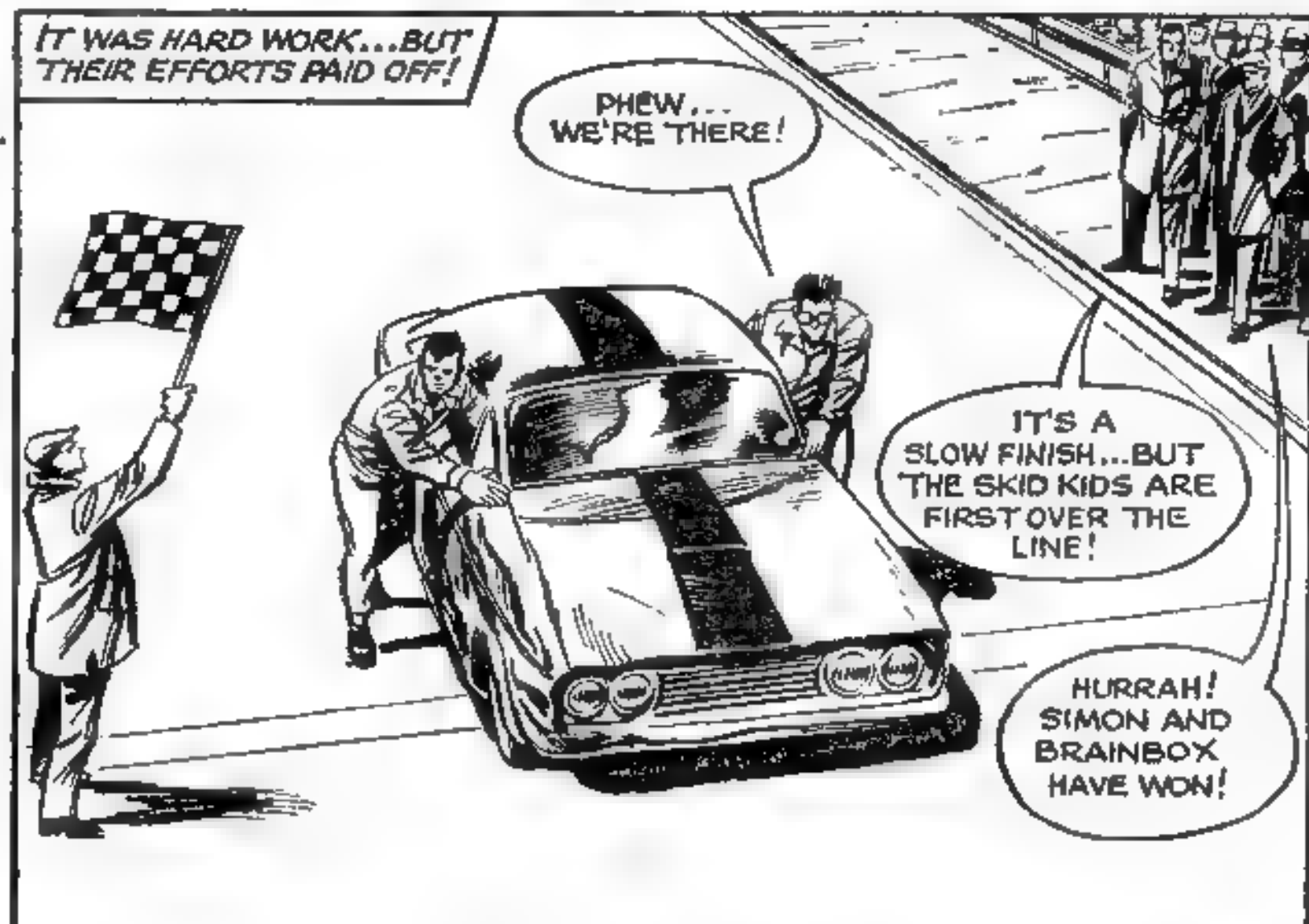
SKID KIDS

Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox nursed their much-battered car towards the finishing line in a Round Britain race... only to suffer a breakdown just fifty yards from victory! The Skid Kids had to think fast...



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THEY COULD DO...

PUSH IT ACROSS THE LINE, BRAINBOX! COME ON!



IT WAS HARD WORK... BUT THEIR EFFORTS PAID OFF!

PHIEW... WE'RE THERE!

IT'S A SLOW FINISH... BUT THE SKID KIDS ARE FIRST OVER THE LINE!

HURRAH! SIMON AND BRAINBOX HAVE WON!



MR. BATH, MANAGER OF SPEEDWELL MOTORS, WAS OVERJOYED...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, BOYS! NOW GET SMARTENED UP AND WE'LL HAVE LUNCH WITH SIR RICHARD CASON... HE'S THE MAN WHO OWNS THE RACING CAR YOU'LL BE DRIVING WHEN THE NEW SEASON STARTS!

THE CAR TOOK A BASHING, MR. BATH... BUT IT STILL MADE IT!



SO SIMON AND BRAINBOX WENT IN SEARCH OF NEW OUTFITS...

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE NEED NEW CLOTHES, AND WE'VE GOT OUR MONEY FOR WINNING THE RALLY! LET'S GO IN!

YES, IF WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE ONE OF THE BEST RACING CARS WE'D BETTER LOOK LIKE TOP MEN!



WE HAVE A SELECTION OF READY-MADE SUITS, SIR! WOULD YOU BOTH LIKE TO TRY ON SOMETHING?

OKAY, CHUM... THANKS!



TEN MINUTES LATER, BRAINBOX EMERGED FROM THE CUBICLE...

HEY, SIMON... HOW DO I LOOK IN THIS ONE?

CRUIKEY, YOU'RE ONE OF THE FLOWER-POWER WHO LOOKS READY TO WILT!



SOON, IT WAS SIMON'S TURN...

HOW ABOUT THIS, THEN?

BEFORE BRAINBOX COULD COMMENT, ANOTHER VOICE RANG OUT...



I SAY, PONSONBY, WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE DOING HERE? HAVE THEM PUT OUT... THEY'RE A DISGRACE!

B-BUT...ER...THEY'RE CUSTOMERS, SIR!

HAVE US PUT OUT, HE SAID! CHEEKY, ISN'T HE?



I THINK HE OUGHT TO BE PUT OUT!

SIMON AND BRAINBOX CARRIED THEIR ESCAPE TO THE LIMIT - AND BEYOND...

THE SKID KIDS WENT INTO ACTION...



WHO IS THIS PERSON? SEND HIM PACKING IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR!



OUT!

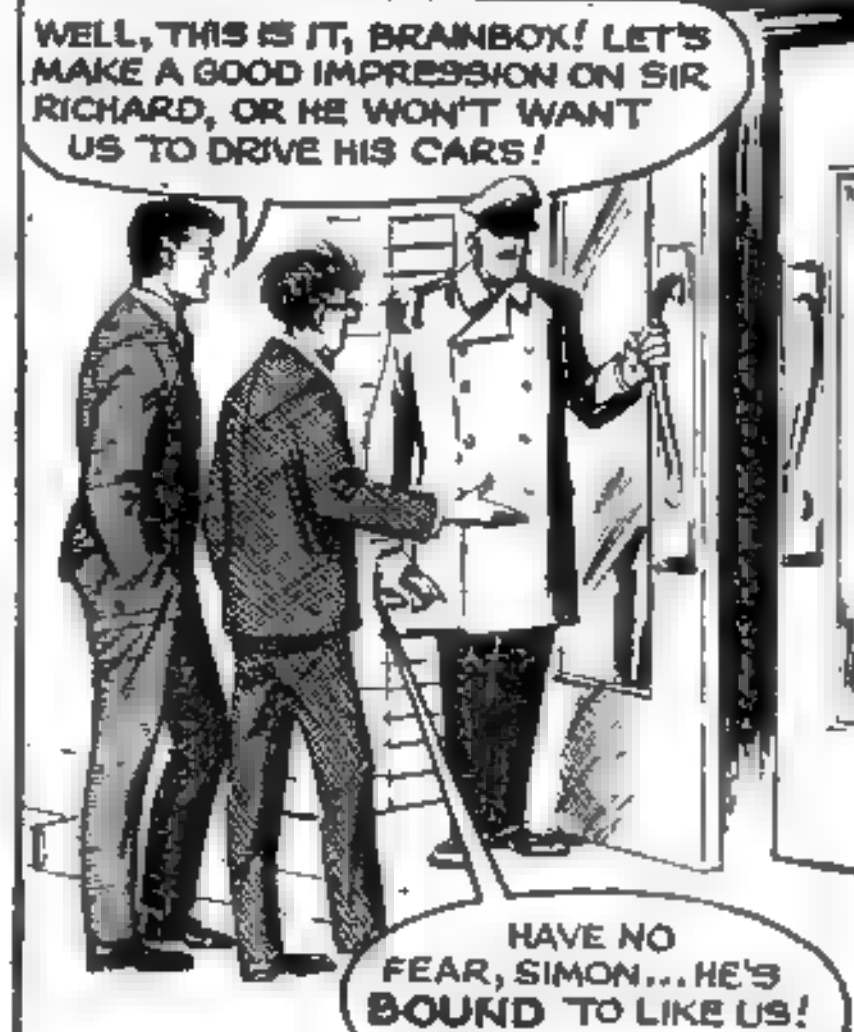
STOP... OOOOERRR! HELP!

THAT'S THAT! NOW...WE'LL HAVE TWO ORDINARY SUITS, PLEASE! ONE EACH!



ER...DON'T SAY I SAID SO, SIR...BUT I'M GLAD YOU PUT THAT GENTLEMAN IN HIS PLACE! HE IS ALWAYS RUDE TO PEOPLE!

LATER, AT A VERY SMART RESTAURANT...



WELL, THIS IS IT, BRAINBOX! LET'S MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON SIR RICHARD, OR HE WON'T WANT US TO DRIVE HIS CARS!

HAVE NO FEAR, SIMON...HE'S BOUND TO LIKE US!

MR. BATH WAS WAITING...



GLAD YOU GOT HERE ON TIME, BOYS! MEET SIR RICHARD CASON!



YOU!

HIM!

OH, CRUMBS!



THIS - THIS IS SIMON STARR AND BRAINBOX COX, SIR RICHARD... THEY'RE GOING TO DRIVE YOUR NEW RACING CAR!

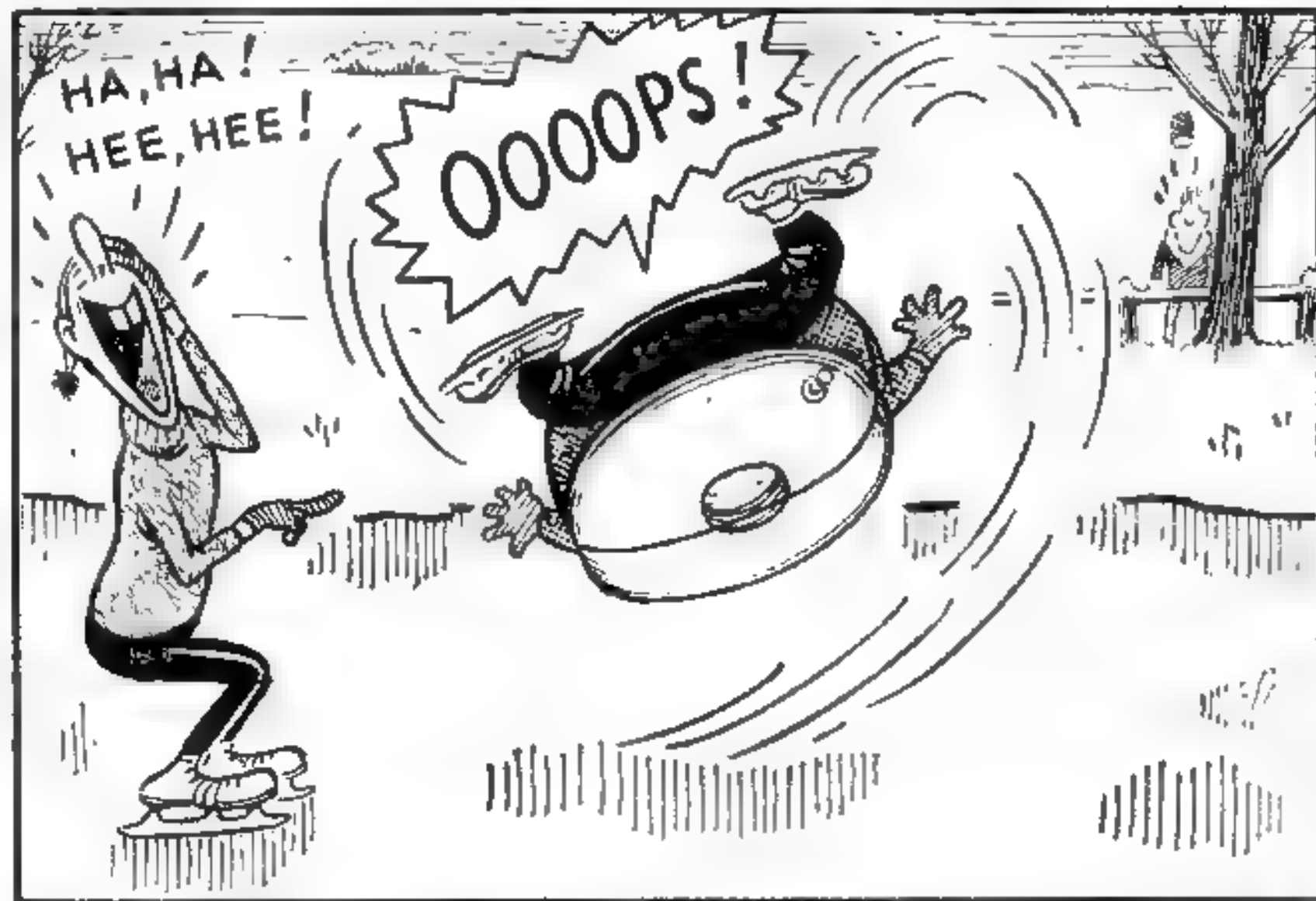
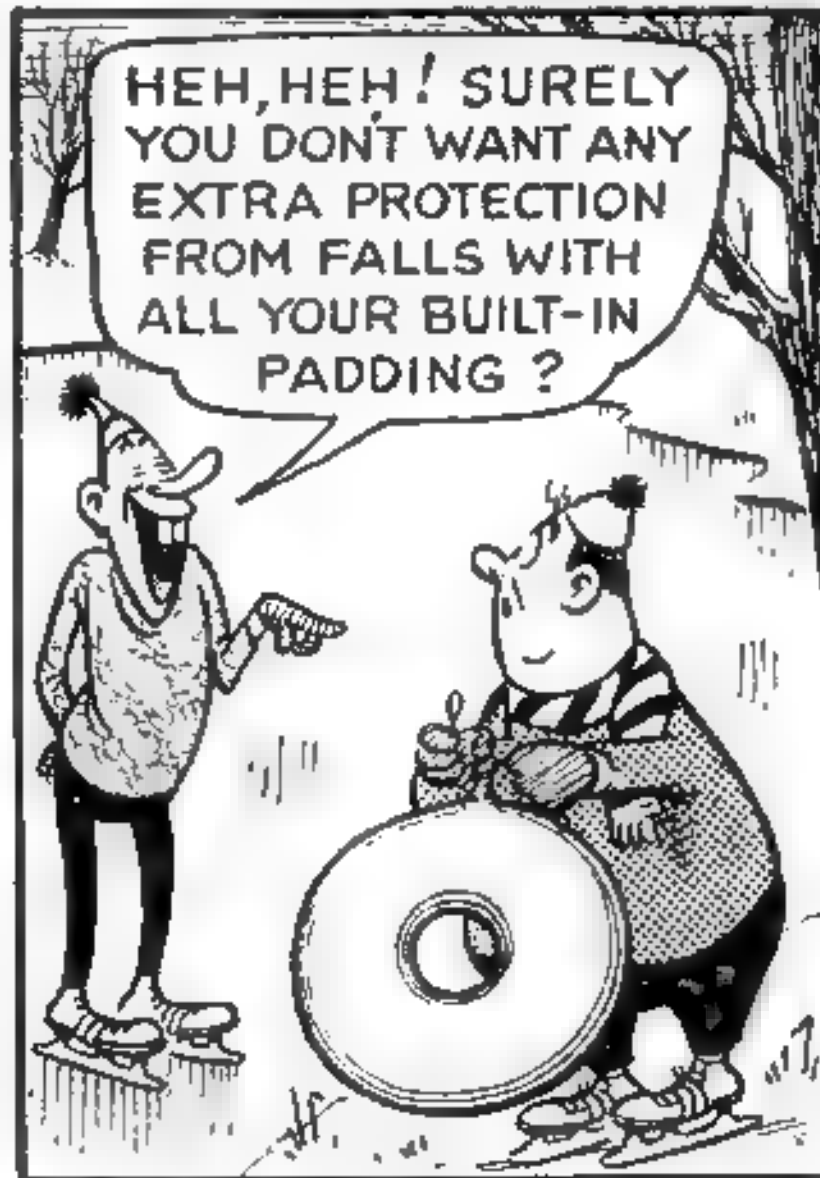
THEY'RE NOT! GET 'EM OUT OF HERE BEFORE... BEFORE... I THROW THEM OUT!

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR SIMON AND BRAINBOX NOW? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

TUBBY'S A FRIENDLY CHARACTER—YOU CAN COUNT ON HIM TO BREAK THE ICE!

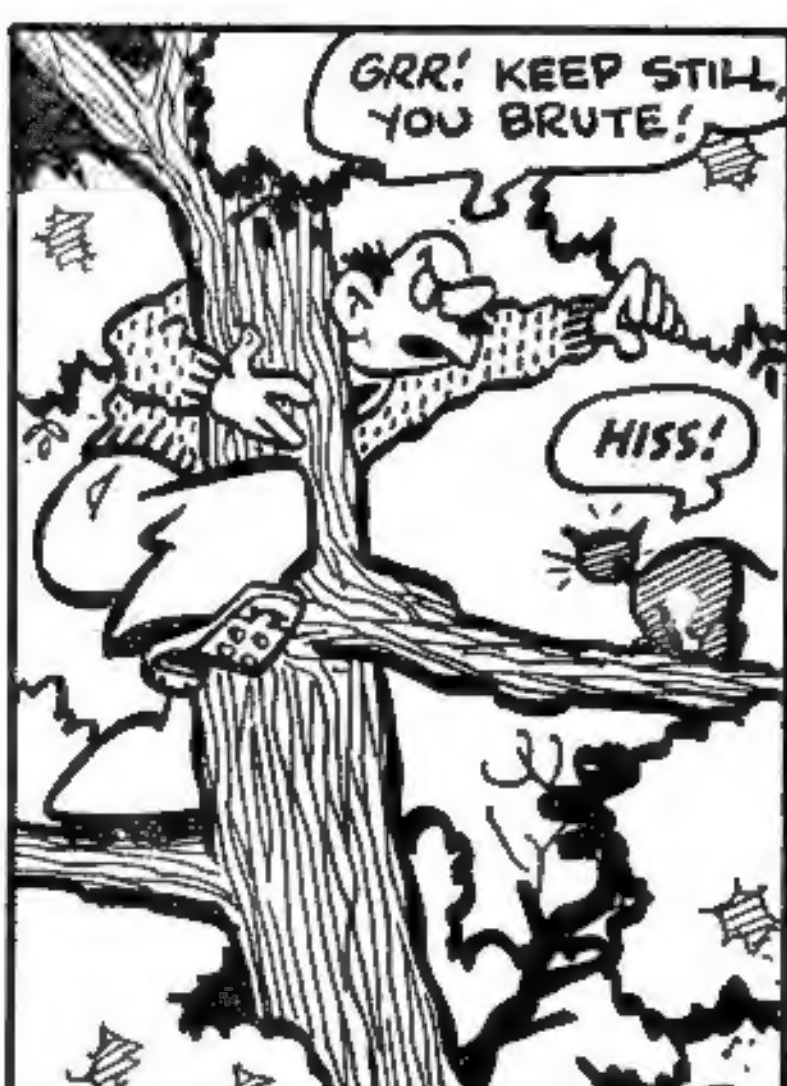
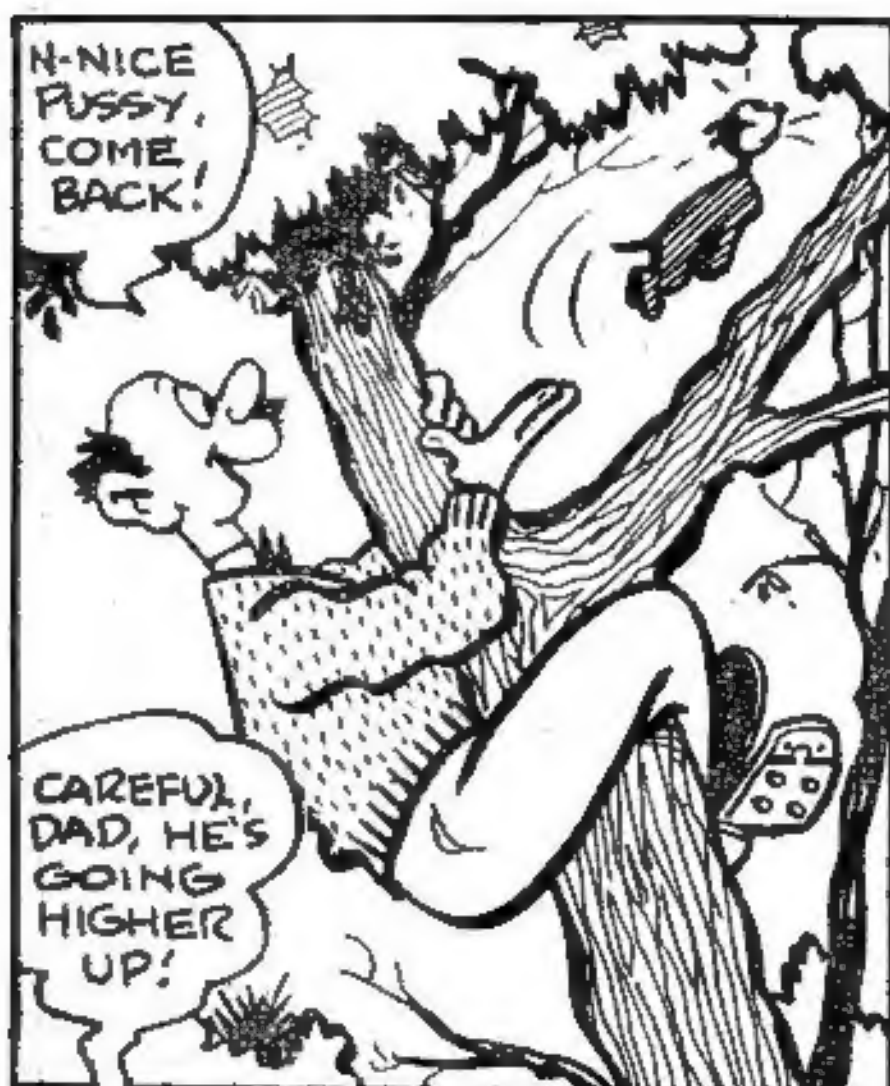
TUBBY

THE ALL ROUND
SPORTSMAN



OUR SUPER SPORTSMAN RIDES OUT A STORM ON A MOTOR CYCLE NEXT WEEK!

SMILER



Hey! I want to talk to you . . .



but you haven't sent me a letter yet, have you? If you're in my Buster Club you can get yourself a whole heap of pleasure and a reward—just drop me a line!

What are you doing for your holidays? Where do you live? How many pets have you? Choose your own interesting subject and write to me—I'm dying to hear from you!

Club members can also have their picture on their page and get a reward for that too! So send me a photo as soon as you can. Here's what to do . . .

The photograph should be fairly large, clear and preferably taken within the last six months. In pencil, 'cos it rubs out, write on the back your full name, address and date of birth. Post

it to the Club address—it's shown on Club Page—together with a note of your hobbies and any special interests.

And don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that I can send your picture back later!

I'm waiting for your letters and photos, first come is going to be first served!

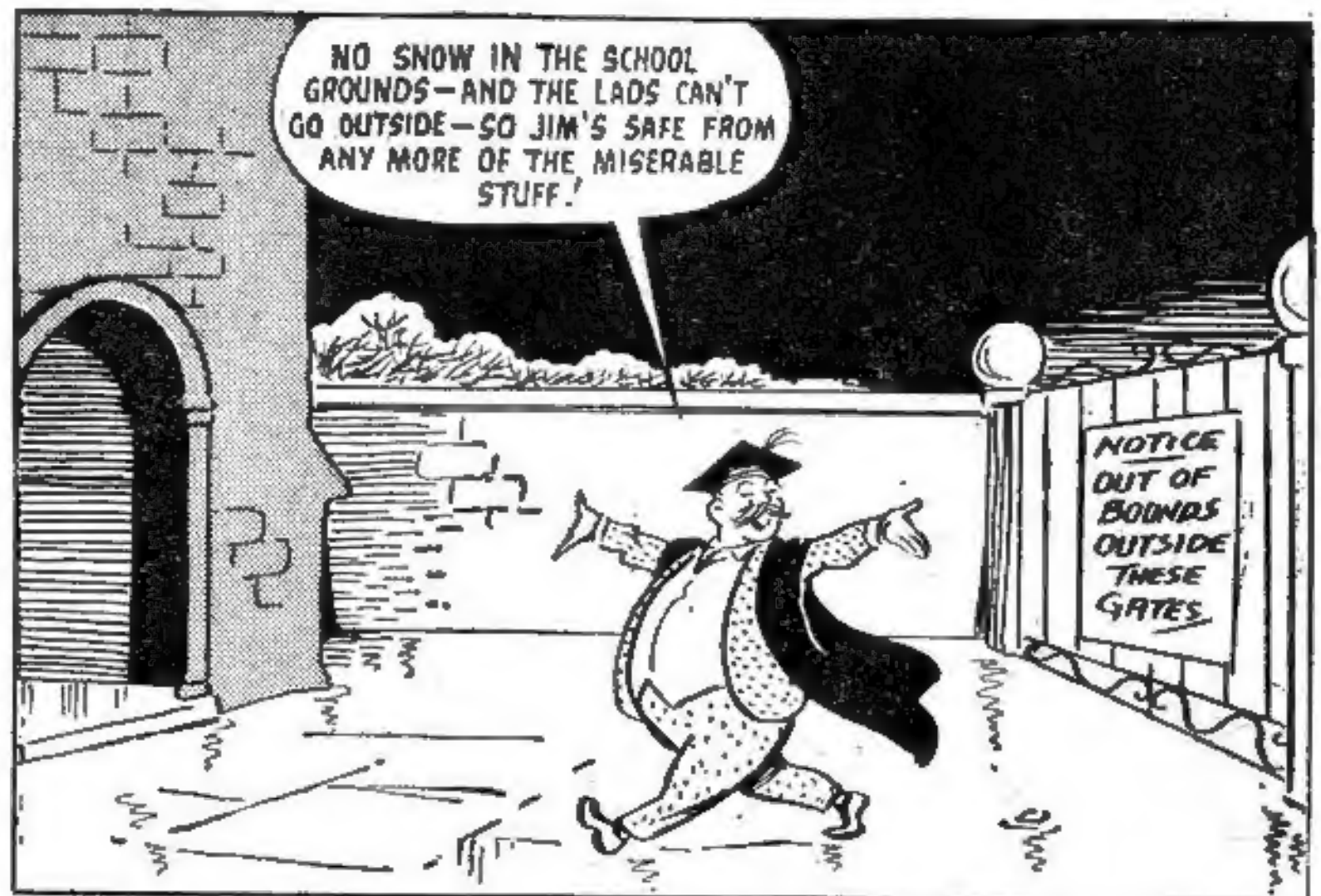
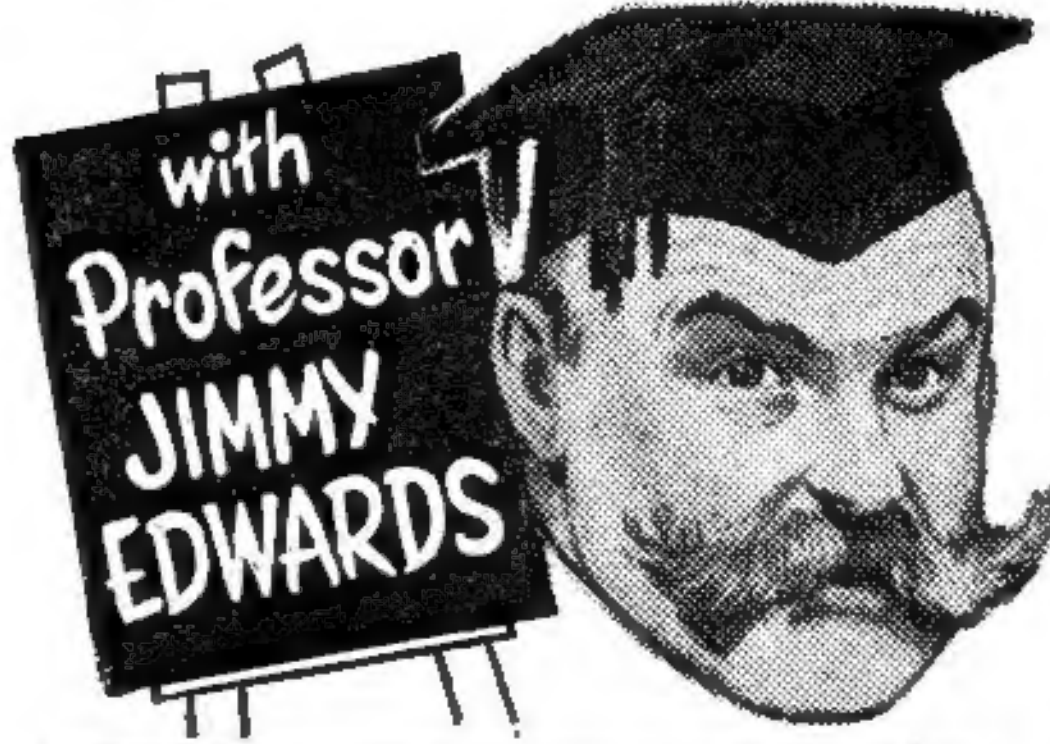
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JIM'S TROUBLES ARE ON TOP OF HIM . . . IN FACT, HE'S SNOWED UNDER !

WHACKO!



A GOAT BUTTS IN ON THE ACT NEXT WEEK! JIM HAS TO CHEW THINGS OVER!

OUT TODAY!

SIX OF THE BEST

all action picture stories!



THE LAST LAUGH No. 416

With the Afrika Korps poised for a sledgehammer attack, the stage was set for one man's bid for glory.

DAGGERS DRAWN No. 419

The war-torn sector of the Burmese Front was called the 'Frying Pan.' For the men of B Company it was aptly named.

STOP FOR NOTHING! No. 417

They drove their battered trucks into the ground to maintain the slender life-line that held the Japs at bay.

DEVIL'S CAULDRON No. 420

They were the elite of two armies—one British, one German—and they met on the battlefield in heroic conflict.

TRAVERSE AND FIRE! No. 418

The tanks were powerful and deadly weapons of war—yet they could become steel coffins for the unwary . . .

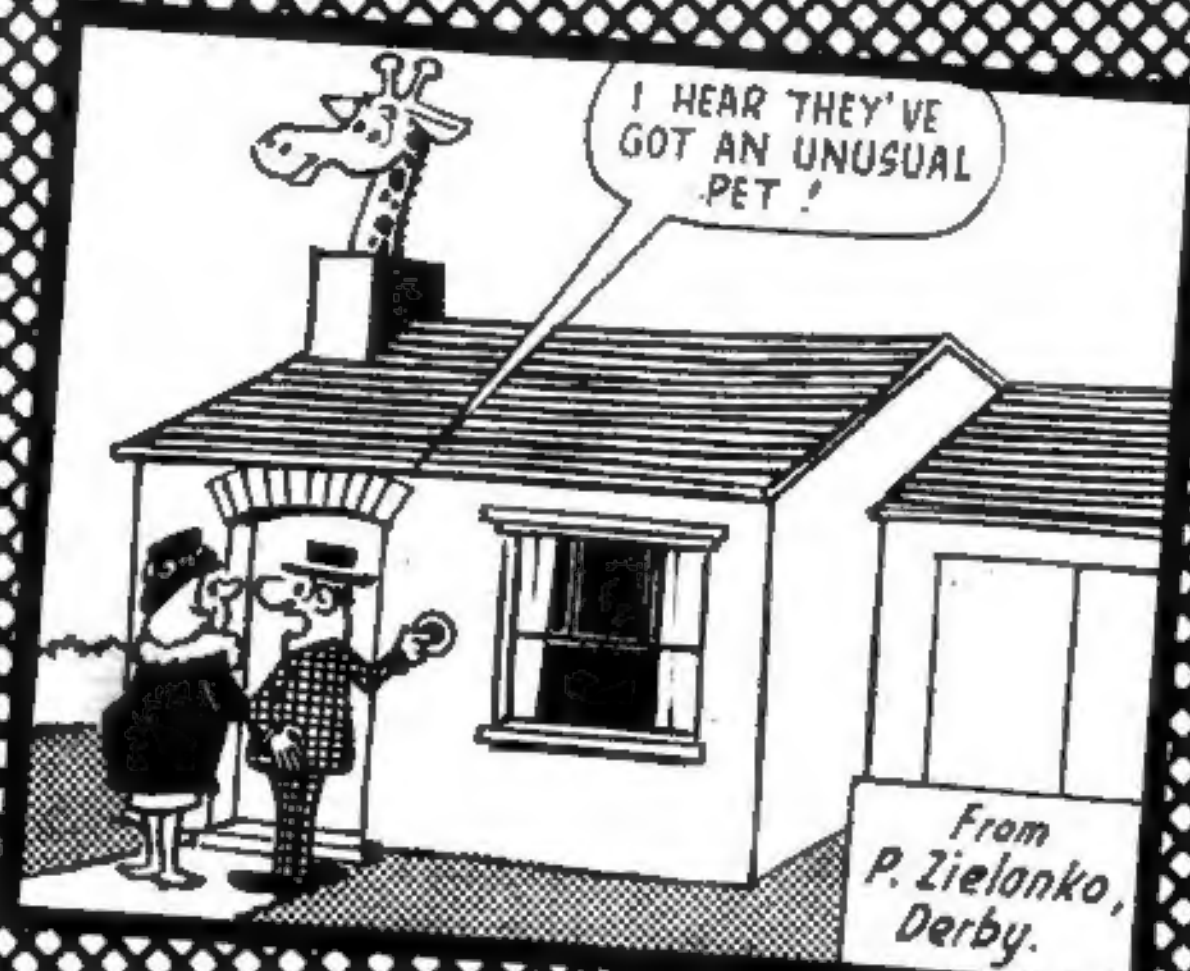
LEATHERNECK No. 421

The enemy base was in the heart of the Pacific. Only one group of men could take such a fortress—the Royal Marines.

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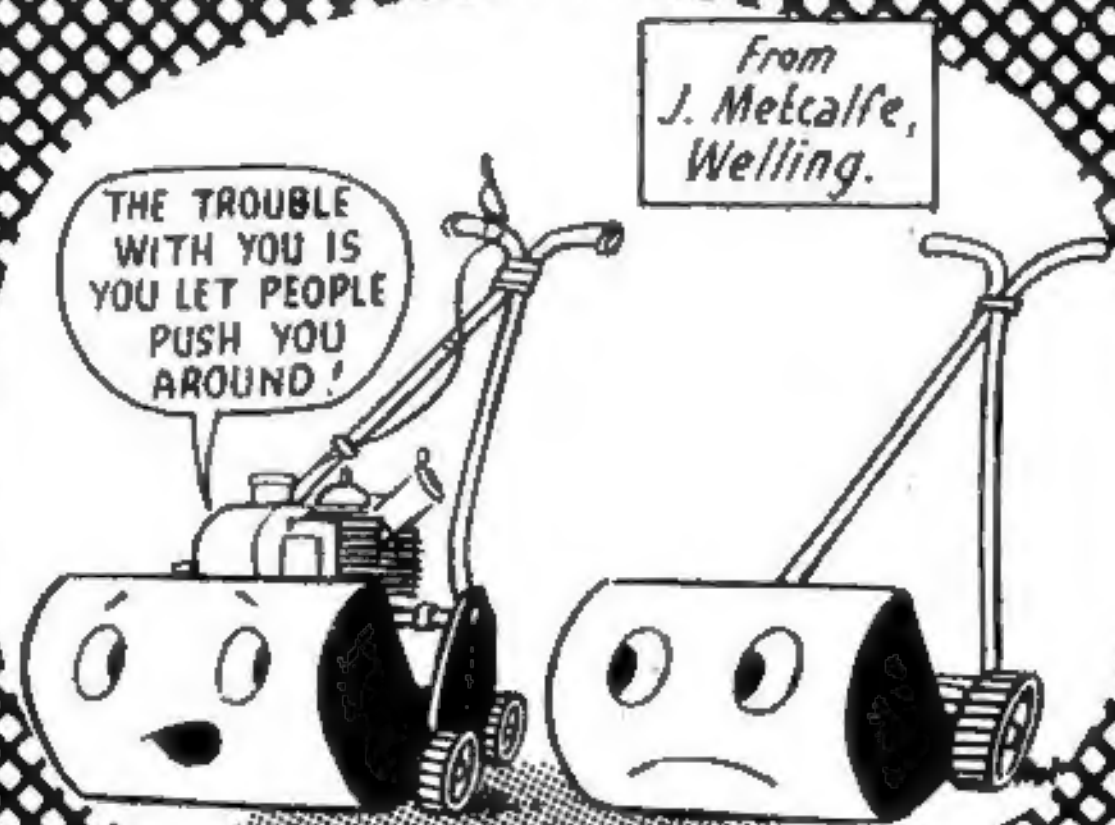
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EIGHT JOKE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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one to be judged will be
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**MY FAVOURITE FEATURES
IN BUSTER ARE :**

- 1
- 2
- 3

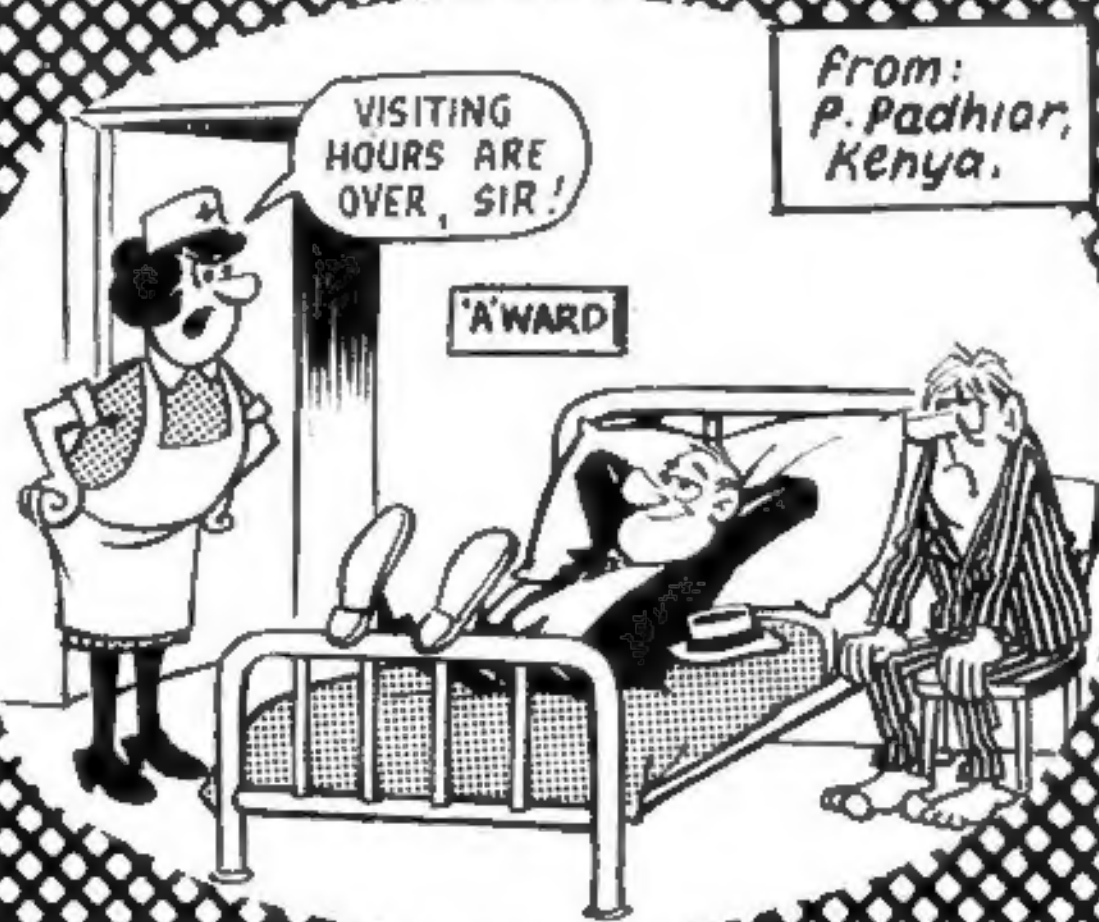
PLEASE, FILL IN THE
COUPON ABOVE AND
PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.



From
J. Metcalfe,
Welling.



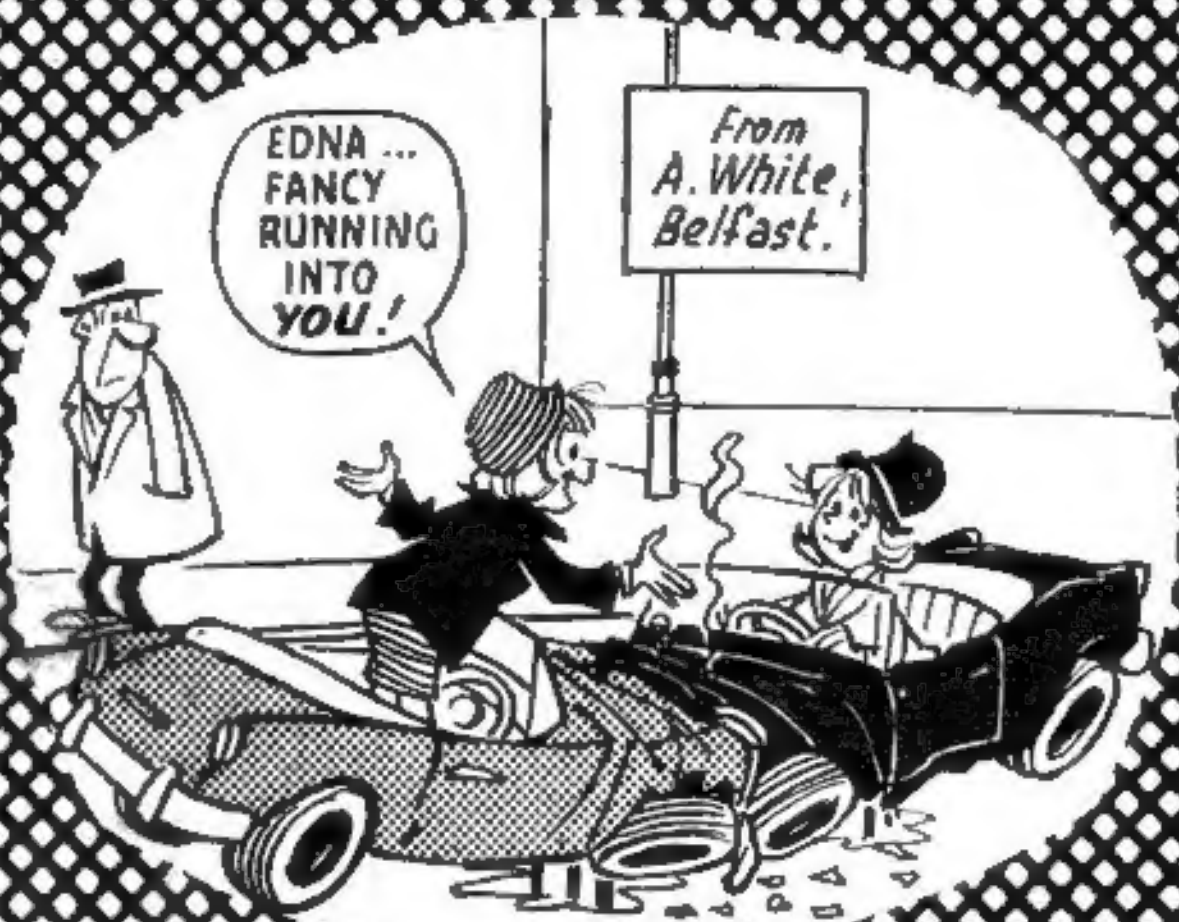
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A. White,
Belfast.



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J. Howell,
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